

PHOTOPLAY

N.

**Sex and Sin
in Hollywood!**

**Date Bait
or
Fess
Parker**

**Robert
Mitchum -
The Man
Who Dared
to Sue**



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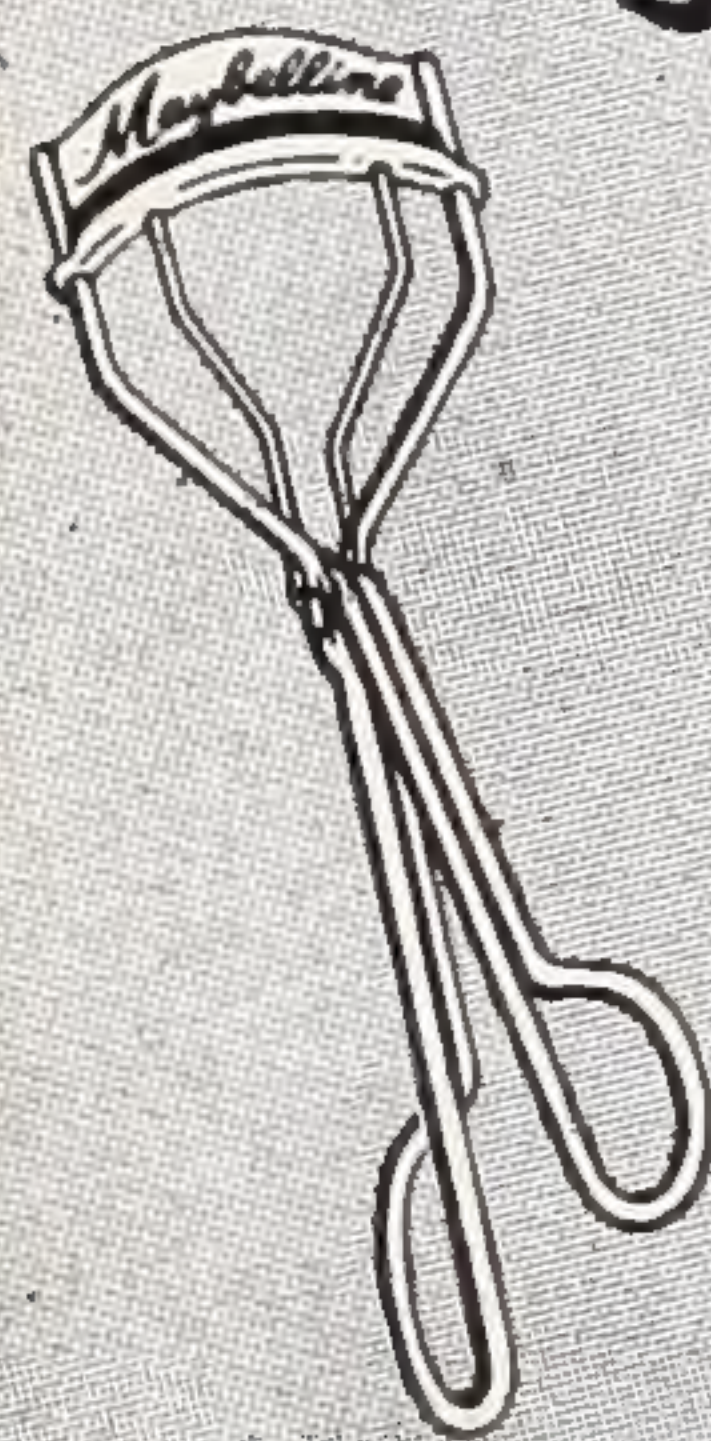
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PHOTOPLAY

Your February issue will be on sale at your newsstand—January 5

January 1956

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and COLOR
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song, spectacle
and love!



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In Paradise"

"Baubles, Bangles
And Beads"

"This Is My
Beloved"

and more!

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MUSIC AND LYRICS BY

ROBERT WRIGHT AND GEORGE FORREST

Music Adapted from Themes
of ALEXANDER BORODIN

PHOTOGRAPHED IN
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DIRECTED BY

VINCENTE MINNELLI • ARTHUR FREED

PRODUCED BY

VINCENTE MINNELLI • ARTHUR FREED



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A garden paradise where lovers may
dally forever drinking deeply of the
joys of love!



The Secret Wall of the
Wazir's Harem... Strange
device that permits an
intimate peek and
innocent pleasure!



Carol Ohmart charms Sidney by just being her own sweet self

Gloria grins over Jimmy's winning Star of the Year Award



THAT'S HOLLYWOOD FOR YOU

BY SIDNEY SKOLSKY

I'D LIKE TO KNOW Grace Kelly's dreams. . . . When Debbie Reynolds, in "The Tender Trap," spoke to Frank Sinatra about a man and marriage, didn't you get the idea that she could have been talking to Eddie Fisher? I did . . . Alan Ladd is a movie fan. Diplomatically, he says he enjoys all movies but his own. . . . For frankness, I refer you to Gina Lollobrigida's remark when given a Blue Ribbon for her performance: "It is so good to win an acting award, and so amazing." . . . You can enroll me as a member of the Eva Marie Saint fan club, I like her more after getting to know her personally. . . . I don't know of any guy who was more interesting to visit on a set than Marlon Brando during the filming of "Guys and Dolls." Brando, incidentally, spent eight hours recording just one song—"My Time of Day"—for the film. Then a sound technician spent more hours trying to piece together the best parts of the tape in order to get a complete version of the song. Result: "My Time of Day" landed on the cutting-room floor! . . . June Allyson is trying not to wrinkle her nose so much when being lovable in a love scene. . . . With a smile, Leslie Caron told me: "There's no daylight saving in France. They lengthen the nights."

Sheree North claims that henceforth she intends to speak straight English in-

stead of bop, "because you can't really gas anything in bop." . . . Who is the tallest heroine in pictures? Answering quickly, I'd say Cyd Charisse or Esther Williams. No fair going to a book for measurements! . . . Terry Moore appears to be in a hurry even when she's merely standing around. . . . Kim Novak, discussing her plans with an interviewer, told him: "I don't give a darn who knows it, but please do me a favor and keep it a secret."

I'd sure love to overhear an Audrey Hepburn—Mel Ferrer conversation as they were making their plans for tomorrow. . . . Piper Laurie shoots a fair game of pool. . . . My bet is that Alfred Hitchcock isn't going to improve his movie box office by supplying his name to that ordinary TV film series. . . . Tab Hunter goes to the movies and behaves as though he weren't in the movies. . . . Jimmy Stewart got a deserving big hand when he won the Star of the Year Award, presented at the Theater Owners of America Award Dinner. . . . New faces and stars appear on the screen practically overnight. I'm rooting for the majority of the newcomers—therefore I'm not belittling when I say I'll still take Greta Garbo. Kenneth Tynan not only explained what I mean but also explained the quality of Garbo best when he wrote:

"What you see in other women when you're drunk, you see in Garbo when you're sober." . . . Tyrone Power has to shave three times a day while making a movie. . . . At a recent party, Zsa Zsa Gabor said, among other things: "The secret of a happy marriage is still a secret."

Anita Ekberg works just as hard in still pictures as she does in moving pictures. . . . My idea of an actor who is dignified without being stuffy is Spencer Tracy. . . . My friend Tom Jenk, discussing Ava, Lana, Marilyn and all the glamour dolls, concluded with: "A girl's best asset is a man's imagination."

I can't understand why Rodgers and Hammerstein permitted the scene of Shirley Jones swimming in the nude in the pure and wholesome "Oklahoma!" . . . Glad to see Paramount's finally letting Carol Ohmart act—in "The Scarlet Hour." . . . Practically every actress in town believes she is *Marjorie Morningstar* and should play the part in the picture. Each one has read the book and still believes it, which makes it more incredible. . . . I'd hate to have to eat some of those meals I see prepared by heroines in the movies. . . . Joan Crawford sends her pooches to school to learn how to behave on a movie soundstage before letting them accompany her to work. That's Hollywood for you.

WARNER BROS. PRESENT

"THE COURT-MARTIAL OF BILLY MITCHELL"

The moment
had
come...
the
girl had
spoken...
the
story was
told!

The explosive
true story
of Billy
Mitchell—
a
fighting
hero
who
risked
disgrace by
setting off
the most
sensational
trial
in
U. S
history!



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CO-STARRING

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ELIZABETH MONTGOMERY · FRED CLARK

Story and Screenplay by

WITH **MILTON SPERLING and EMMET LAVERY** • A UNITED STATES PICTURES Prod.

Produced by **MILTON SPERLING** • Directed by **OTTO PREMINGER** • Presented by **WARNER BROS.** MUSIC COMPOSED AND CONDUCTED BY **DIMITRI TIOMKIN**





PHOTOPLAY GOLD MEDAL AWARDS BALLOT FOR 1955-56

STARS

Adams, Julie
Allyson, June
Angeli, Pier
Astaire, Fred
Bacall, Lauren
Baxter, Anne
Belafonte, Harry
Blaine, Vivian
Blair, Betsy
Blyth, Ann
Bogart, Humphrey
Borchers, Cornell
Borgnine, Ernest
Brady, Scott
Brando, Marlon
Brazzi, Rossano
Burton, Richard
Cagney, James
Calhoun, Rory
Campbell, William
Caron, Leslie
Champion, Gower
Champion, Marge
Chandler, Jeff
Charisse, Cyd
Collins, Joan
Cooper, Ben
Cooper, Gary
Crain, Jeanne
Crawford, Joan
Curtis, Tony
Dailey, Dan
Damone, Vic
Dandridge, Dorothy
Davis, Bette
Day, Doris
DeHaven, Gloria
de Havilland, Olivia
Derek, John
Douglas, Kirk
Egan, Richard
Ellen, Vera-
Ewell, Tom
Ferrer, Jose
Fleming, Rhonda
Fonda, Henry
Ford, Glenn
Forsythe, John
Fosse, Bob
Francis, Anne
Gable, Clark
Garrett, Betty
Garson, Greer
Gaynor, Mitzi
Grable, Betty

Grahame, Gloria
Granger, Farley
Granger, Stewart
Grant, Cary
Harris, Julie
Hayden, Sterling
Hayward, Susan
Heflin, Van
Hepburn, Katharine
Heston, Charlton
Holden, William
Holliday, Judy
Hope, Bob
Hudson, Rock
Hunter, Jeff
Hunter, Tab
Johnson, Van
Jones, Jennifer
Jones, Shirley
Kaye, Danny
Keel, Howard
Kelly, Gene
Kelly, Grace
Kennedy, Arthur
Kerr, John
Ladd, Alan
Lamas, Fernando
Lancaster, Burt
Laurie, Piper
Lee, Peggy
Leigh, Janet
Leigh, Vivien
Lemmon, Jack
Lewis, Jerry
Liberace
MacLaine, Shirley
MacMurray, Fred
MacRae, Gordon
Madison, Guy
March, Fredric
Martin, Dean
Martin, Dewey
Mason, James
Mature, Victor
Mayo, Virginia
McGuire, Dorothy
Merman, Ethel
Milland, Ray
Mitchell, Cameron
Mitchum, Robert
Monroe, Marilyn
Murphy, Audie
Nader, George
Nelson, Gene
Nelson, Lori

Newman, Paul
North, Sheree
Novak, Kim
O'Brien, Margaret
O'Connor, Donald
O'Hara, Maureen
Olson, Nancy
Paget, Debra
Palance, Jack
Parker, Eleanor
Parker, Fess
Pavan, Marisa
Payne, John
Peck, Gregory
Peters, Jean
Powell, Jane
Power, Tyrone
Purdom, Edmund
Quinn, Anthony
Ray, Aldo
Reagan, Ronald
Reed, Donna
Reynolds, Debbie
Richards, Jeff
Rogers, Ginger
Roland, Gilbert
Rush, Barbara
Russell, Jane
Russell, Rosalind
Ryan, Robert
Scott, Martha
Simmons, Jean
Sinatra, Frank
Smith, Lois
Stack, Robert
Stanwyck, Barbara
Stewart, James
Strasberg, Susan
Tamblyn, Russ
Taylor, Robert
Tierney, Gene
Todd, Richard
Tracy, Spencer
Turner, Lana
Wagner, Robert
Wayne, John
Webb, Jack
Widmark, Richard
Wilde, Cornel
Wilding, Michael
Williams, Esther
Winters, Shelley
Wood, Natalie
Wyman, Jane
Young, Alan

This is your last chance—to send in your votes for the best male and female players, the outstanding film of 1955!

MOVIES

African Lion, The
Ain't Misbehavin'
Americano, The
Animal World, The
Bad Day at Black Rock
Battle Cry
Bengazi
Blackboard Jungle
Blood Alley
Bridges at Toko-Ri, The
Captain Lightfoot
Carmen Jones
Chief Crazy Horse
Cobweb, The
Conquest of Space
Count Three and Pray
Court Jester, The
Daddy Long Legs
Davy Crockett
Deep Blue Sea, The
Desperate Hours, The
Divided Heart, The
East of Eden
End of the Affair, The
Far Country, The
Female on the Beach
Footsteps in the Fog
Gentlemen Marry Brunettes
Girl in the Red Velvet Swing, The
Girl Rush, The
Glass Slipper, The
Glory
Good Morning, Miss Dove
Guys and Dolls
Hell's Island
Hit the Deck
House of Bamboo
How to Be Very, Very Popular
I Died a Thousand Times
I'll Cry Tomorrow
Interrupted Melody
It's Always Fair Weather
Kentuckian, The
King's Thief, The
Kismet
Lady and the Tramp
Lady Godiva
Land of the Pharaohs
Last Command, The
Lawless Street, A
Left Hand of God, The
Life in the Balance, A
Long Gray Line, The
Love Is a Many-Splendored Thing
Love Me or Leave Me
Lucy Gallant
Magnificent Matador, The
Mambo
Man Called Peter, A
Man from Laramie, The
Man Without a Star
Marty
McConnell Story, The
Miracle in the Rain
Mister Roberts
Moonfleet
My Sister Eileen
Night Holds Terror, The

Night of the Hunter, The
Not as a Stranger
Oklahoma!
One Desire
Pearl of the South Pacific
Pete Kelly's Blues
Phffft
Prince of Players
Private War of Major Benson, The
Prize of Gold
Prodigal, The
Purple Mask, The
Purple Plain, The
Queen Bee
Quentin Durward
Quest for the Lost City
Racers, The
Rage at Dawn
Rains of Ranchipur, The
Rebel Without a Cause
Rose Tattoo, The
Run for Cover
Scarlet Coat, The
Sea Chase, The
Second Greatest Sex, The
Seven Cities of Gold
Seven Little Foys, The
Seven Year Itch, The
Shrike, The
Silver Chalice, The
Sincerely Yours
Six Bridges to Cross
So This Is Paris
Soldier of Fortune
Son of Sinbad
Strange Lady in Town
Strategic Air Command
Summertime
Tall Men, The
Tender Trap, The
Tennessee's Partner
Texas Lady
That Lady
There's No Business like
Show Business
Three for the Show
Three Ring Circus
Three Stripes in the Sun
Tight Spot
To Catch a Thief
To Hell and Back
Treasure of Pancho Villa
Trial
Trouble with Harry, The
20,000 Leagues Under the Sea
Ulysses
Unchained
Underwater!
Untamed
View from Pompey's Head, The
Violent Men, The
Violent Saturday
Virgin Queen, The
We're No Angels
White Feather
Wildfire
You're Never Too Young

Vote for your Favorite Stars and Movie of 1955

BEST MALE PERFORMER _____

BEST FEMALE PERFORMER _____

BEST FILM OF 1955 _____

Mail your ballot to PHOTOPLAY GOLD MEDAL
AWARDS, Box 1424, Grand Central Station, New York
17, N. Y. Ballots must be received no later than January
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Tom Ewell • Sheree North

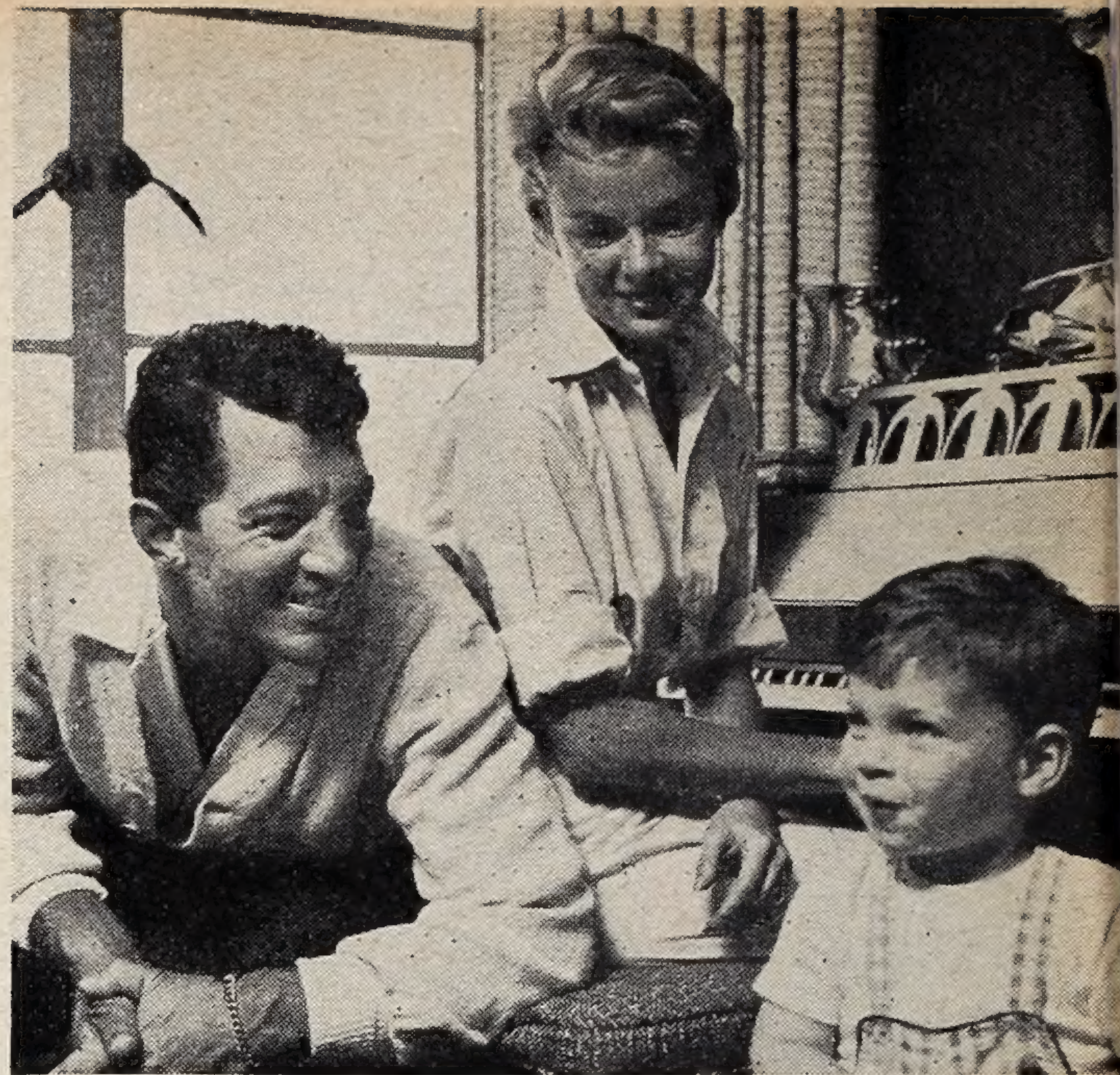
CINEMA SCOPE®

A black and white photograph of a woman in a checkered dress and a small hat, posing dramatically with one arm raised. She is wearing a large, ruffled collar. The background is dark with some white text and a red cross-like symbol.

Story by ALBERT BEICH



Dean talks to Dino, Ricci, daily. They can't understand why Daddy isn't with them



"I've been wrong about many things. Sometimes it takes a jolt—like Jeannie leaving—to make you see"

"I WAS WRONG"

● "I didn't make Jeannie part of my life," Dean Martin said slowly, "and I was wrong. It takes a jolt sometimes—a big jolt—to make you see."

Backstage at the Hollywood Bowl, Dean moved like a man in a dream. As he spoke to friends, they were just a familiar blur of faces. He waved at fans he didn't even see.

Martin & Lewis were then heading the All Star Television Salute to two famous men of melody. Rodgers and Hammerstein. But three words headlined on a front page—"Dean Martins Separate"—had stopped the music for Dean.

"I could have prevented this," he was saying now. "Two and a half months ago, I could have kept this from happening. Jeannie was nervous and upset. 'I don't want to divorce you,' she said, 'I just want to get away for a while.' I should have let her go, but I couldn't see it—then."

In the background, violins began warming up on "Some Enchanted Evening," but in mind and in heart Dean Martin was with the lovely blue-eyed girl he'd met in Miami, seven years before. Until they were back together again, there would be no enchanted evenings for him.

Jeannie Martin and their two children, Dino, 4, and Ricci, 2, had taken a house in Palm Springs, but Dean believed they'd be back together soon.

"We'll work it out—I hope. Jeannie's just at the Springs resting and getting some sun. It's going to be all right—it's got to be."

Out front, Dean's public was streaming into the Bowl, eager to applaud the barber's son who'd made a name for himself in Hollywood. A name which meant nothing now, unless the girl he loved continued sharing it.

A restless Italian kid named Dino Crocetti, prizefighter and singing protégé of some gamblers in Steubenville, Ohio, had slugged and starved and sung his way into the spotlight, building that name. Today, he had the security he'd striven for. He could provide those he loved with all of life's luxuries. He had an elegant house in Beverly Hills with sweeping lawns, a swimming pool, and a playground that's a child paradise. A house that was now no longer a home—because those who gave it meaning were no longer there.

"I talk to them every day," Dean said. And little Dino's questions were almost too much to take. He couldn't understand why his daddy wasn't with him. "It tears your heart out," his daddy was saying now. Without them, success was a no-splendored thing.

Ironically enough, the demands of that success—the personal appearances, the night-club dates, the movie location trips—had played a part in their estrangement. To a reporter-friend, remembered phrases from the past were coming to mind.

"I'm a little unhappy with myself," Jeannie had said one day. "I don't have emotion any more. I was alone so much . . . you can cry yourself out."

Jeannie couldn't understand why

Dean didn't take her along on some of his personal appearances. "Dean doesn't ask me to go—and I don't say I want to go. I'd like for him to call me sometime and say, 'Please come,' but until he does . . ." She didn't finish.

She tried to be philosophical about it, tried to form other interests. "It's taken some understanding, but I can understand why now," she'd said finally. "When I don't go along, there are fewer problems. Dean doesn't have to worry about me—about my luggage, who's going to sit with me during the shows, and various other things. He can play golf and cards with the boys. It's less trouble if I stay home."

Jeannie found some of her own answers. But Dean failed to fill her in. He never got around to elaborating on his reasons why.

"Do you know why I didn't take Jeannie with me?" he was saying now. "Because I thought it would be too hard on her. Traveling around, living in hotels, sitting in night clubs. To me this is work. I thought she had a nice home here, our children, a nice car, her friends, everything she could want. I didn't know what she wanted most was to be with me. I didn't realize . . ."

Far from the debonair self-assured fellow he seems, and with the scars of too many years of insecurity, it's still hard for Dean to realize he could be that important to anyone—even his wife.

His division of his personal life and professional life was a growing wedge, as he discovered—almost too late.

"I didn't make her part of my life,"

*Dean's story is a pledge and a prayer that
Jeanne will know, before it is too late, all the things
he should have told her long ago*

BY DIANE SCOTT

Dean Martin is next in "Artists and Models"



Dean knows now that in keeping his problems from Jeanne, leaving her alone, he was shutting her out of his life

Continued



Dean's admission of guilt comes from heart of the man who cherishes home, wife, children

"I WAS WRONG" *Continued*

can both be busy, full-time, the rest of our lives."

But his desire, he added, had always been to shield her from these problems. "If I had worries, I worked them out. I didn't want Jeannie to know my problems, and I didn't take them home. I didn't want to worry her."

This he had felt ever since he'd fallen in love with the pretty college co-ed, a former Orange Bowl Queen. To Dean, Jeannie was the youth he'd never had, the softness in life he'd never known—and its beauty. And she was equally fascinated by the handsome, sophisticated man of the world who'd experienced all of life's sides. She was wide-eyed about the adventures they would share. But Dean's concern during their whirlwind courtship was to assure her parents: "I will take care of her—and I won't let anything happen to her."

To Jean, during the years since, Dean has seemed a little too faithful about keeping his word. Too little happened while Dean was working to give her the world. But she tried harder to make more interests of her own and to adjust herself to Dean's way of living and working.

"I'm pretty adaptable," she's said. "I think in this business you have to be. You can't have the same attitude as other women. Your husband is made up of different stuff. Otherwise, he wouldn't be able to get out in front of 5000 people and crack jokes, sing songs, laugh when he doesn't feel it—or cry when he doesn't feel like doing that. I love him and I love my children. And you can weather anything—if you try hard enough."

But finally the weathering of two opposing temperaments—two such different patterns for living—seemed a little too rough. And the words which might have softened them too often remained unsaid.

"He's the quietest man I've ever known," Jeannie has said.

In all honesty, Dean wouldn't dispute that. "Not talking—that's been a lot of our difficulty. I've always had a shell about me, to some extent. I never did talk much," he's said. "Jeannie always used to ask me, 'What happened at the studio? What's exciting today?' Then I was really dead. Something has to explode—for me anyway—to think it's exciting."

Dean never had talked enough—not about the right things. The things close to his heart, which he settled by himself while swinging a golf club. "I would probably be a nervous wreck," Dean has said, "if I didn't play golf."

He didn't realize how strongly Jeannie felt about being left out of the

"conversation." "I didn't know she wanted me to talk—like that. Now that I know, we'll be able to talk more."

"I should have taken her out a lot more, too. I found out I wasn't taking her out enough. I never did like to go out, really. I'm a lot different than many people expect me to be. They expect to find me out on the town. But all I like to do is go home, be with Jeannie, play with the kids, and maybe have a few friends in and watch TV."

But to Jeannie, as she's pointed out, Dean had already lived considerably, and she would like to live a little, too. Dean thought he was improving, but as Jean's put it, "We still don't go out. He makes a big effort, but we wind up home."

Last summer, Dean, Jeannie and Dino flew to Hawaii for a holiday. But, two days later, they flew home. "It's a beautiful place," said Dean, "but Dino didn't like it. He got to crying and wanting to come home. When we got back, he ran around the house for an hour just to make sure he was back. You never saw anybody so glad to get home." That is, not unless it was Dean.

This was during the height of the controversy between Dean and Jerry Lewis. Though this troubled time had no direct bearing on his personal difficulties, it undoubtedly added to the strain and conflicts then mounting between Jeannie and Dean. Jeannie, losing weight and with her nerves on edge, told Dean two and one-half months ago they should be apart for a while.

To his later regret, Dean fought the idea. He felt they could make any necessary adjustments without that.

"I was wrong. I should have let Jeannie leave then. But I thought we could work out our differences together, at home. I tried to show Jeannie it could be done. I tried to make things different. But it didn't work. To Jeannie, it all appeared forced."

They'd argued, and finally Jeannie said she was leaving. "I know I'm probably wrong," she said wearily. "But I've got to do it. I've got to get away."

"There's nobody else involved," Dean was saying now. "It's nothing like that. Nobody for her, nobody else for me."

And the way he sang "Some Enchanted Evening"—there on the stage of the Hollywood Bowl—proved there never would be. He sang all that he couldn't seem to say. He curved a note, caressed a phrase, with a special meaning—all for the girl he'd met across a crowded room—finishing softly with, "Once you have found her, never let her go . . . once you have found her—never let her go." The way Dean sang them, the words were both a pledge and a prayer.

he confessed. "If Jeannie comes back, I'm going to work very hard to make her a bigger part of my life in every respect, and to make her know her importance in it. I'm going to ask for her opinion. Things are going to be a lot different from now on."

Nobody who knows how much Jeannie means to Dean—how much marriage and children and a home mean to him—would doubt that he would make that attempt.

That they reconciled following their separation three years ago and tried again—and are still trying—reflects the deep feeling between these two who, from the moment they met, have had little in common but their love. Their marriage has survived conflicting temperaments, backgrounds, and beliefs. Many an impasse has resulted because of Dino's fine Italian hand in drawing a line between a man's work and his home and Jeannie's industrious German heritage . . . his reluctance to talk and her inquiring mind.

As Jeannie's observed in the past, "I think Italians are by nature old-fashioned about their women. Dean thinks a wife should take care of the children and then be a good, faithful wife and look charming and pretty."

Their oil interests and real estate holdings—as well as his motion picture and television career—have always been a mystery to her. "God forbid anything ever happen to Dean—but if it should, we could be stripped of everything. I don't even know what we have. I want to be a vital part of it, I don't want to be completely shut away from his problems. I'm by nature a very inquisitive person, and it's natural for me to be interested in what Dean's doing."

Problems, Dean was saying now, he still had. Plenty, "I can really take home problems for Jeannie to share now. I've got so many problems—we

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READERS INC...



SOAP BOX:

My heart was filled with joy on September 18th, as I watched Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis present their fall comeback on the Colgate Comedy Hour.

It must have taken a lot of nerve to go out on stage in front of forty million people and admit they were wrong in fighting.

The way the show was rolling along was remarkable. You could tell it was from their hearts. I really think that particular show was the best they ever did.

They are a great team and it would be a great loss to the entertainment world if they broke up.

Keep it up, Dean and Jerry. And thank you for making up. We all love you.

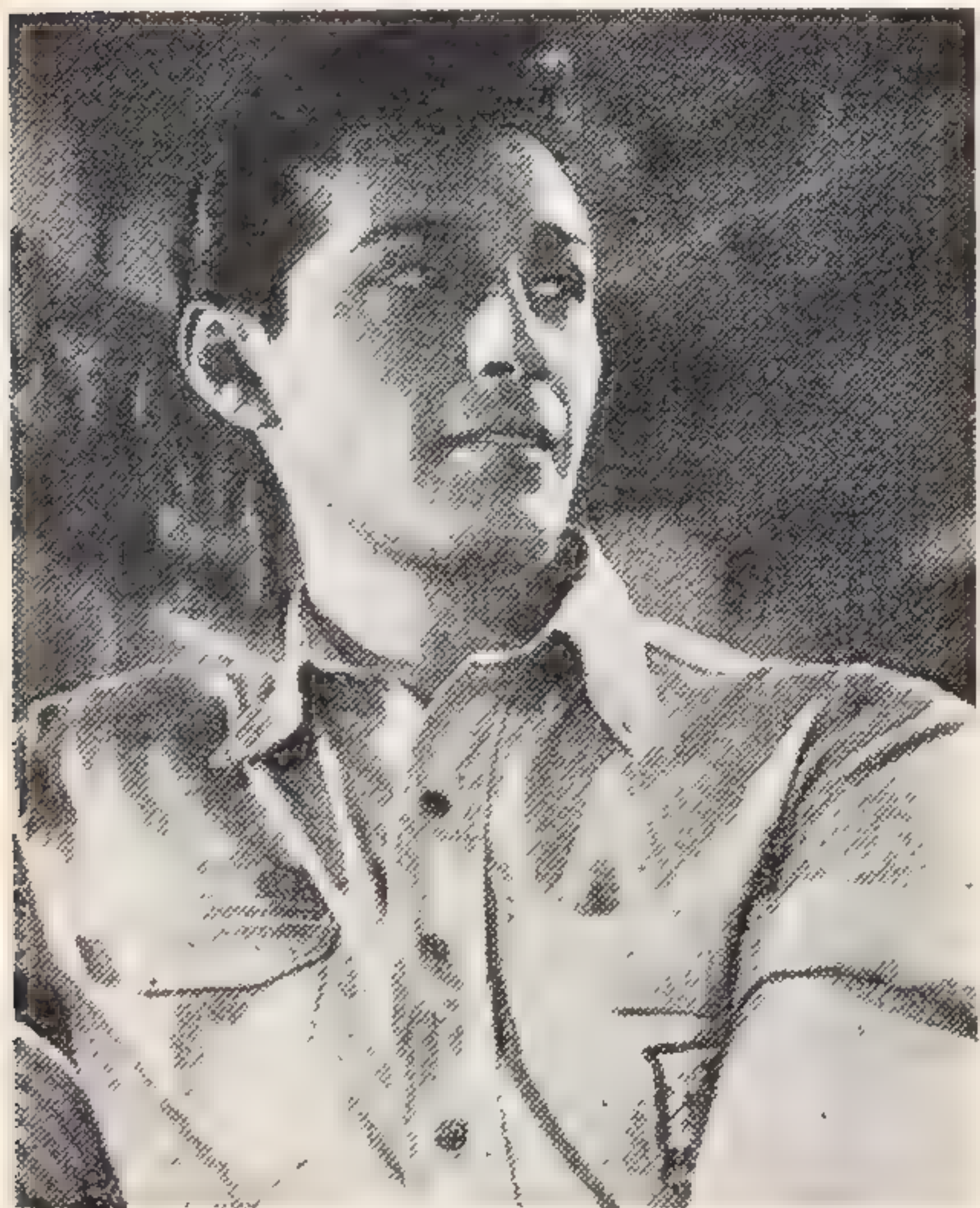
PATRICIA HAUKOM
Berkeley, California

As representative of one of the largest fan clubs, I am writing to call your attention to some misinformation which you printed in your September column, concerning our honorary star, Rick Jason.

Rick did play the lead in "This Is My Love" as you stated. However, the correct year of his birth is 1926, not 1922. Also, he is not single but has been married for several years to actress Aria Allen. And he did not appear in "This Island Earth" at Universal studios.

Our members would very much appreciate your printing this corrected information about Rick. His newest picture incidentally, will be "The Lieutenant Wore Skirts" with Tom Ewell and Sheree North at 20th Century-Fox.

How about a picture of Rick? Though he



His fan club honors handsome Rick

won a PHOTOPLAY Award, you have never run a story about him. His fans throughout the country and associated fan clubs in sixteen countries all over the world would be most grateful.

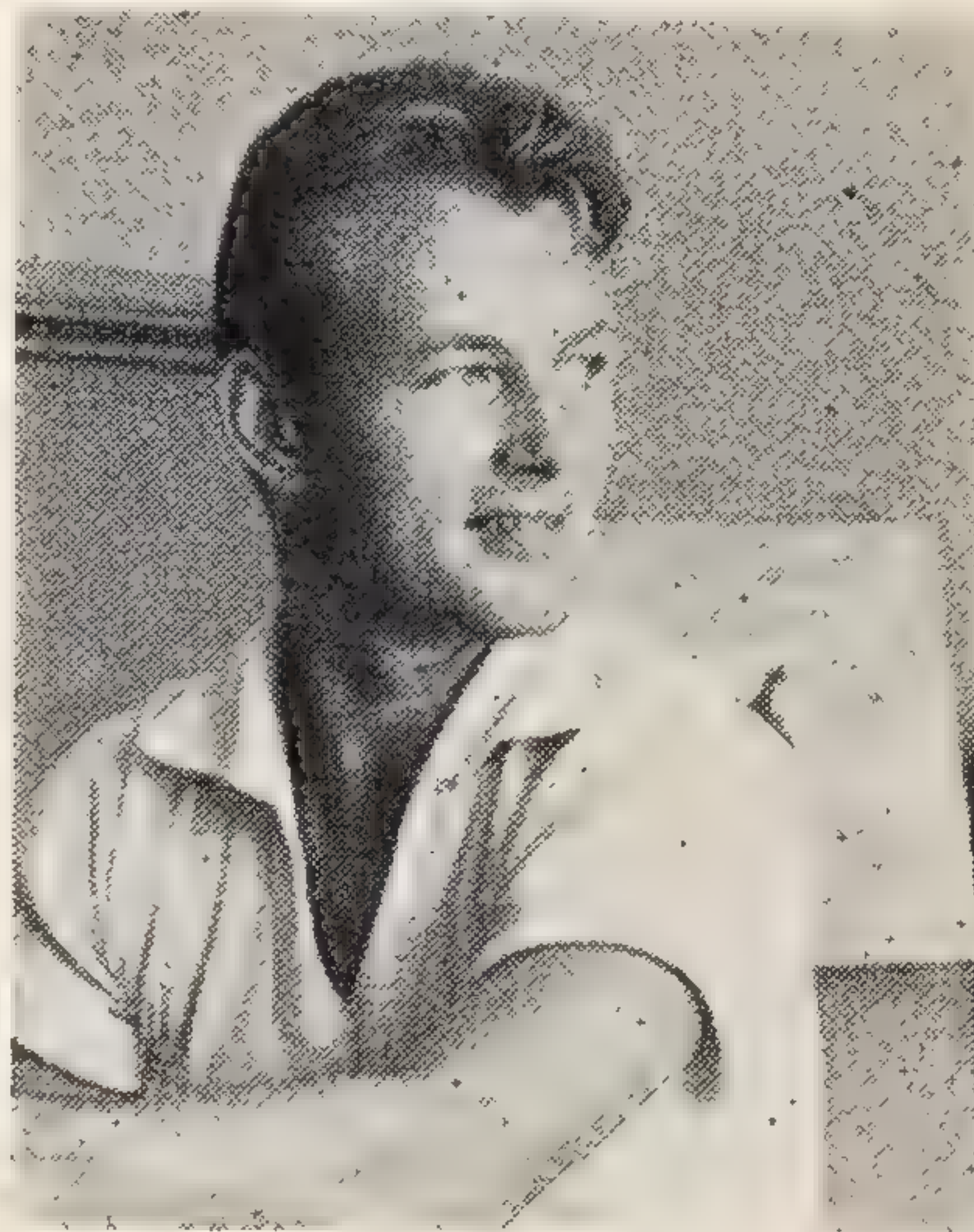
MISS NANCY STREEBECK, President
Official Rick Jason Fan Club
Los Angeles, California

Columbia, for whom he made "The Saracen Blade" in 1954, sticks by the May 21, 1922 birth date for Rick. But we're glad to see anyone recover four lost years of youth.—Ed.

Received my latest PHOTOPLAY—very much surprised to see a Crossword Puzzle. I enjoy doing them. Please try to have one every month.

J. STUSS
Detroit, Michigan

We will.—Ed.



Jack is the only star for this classic

CASTING:

I have read over 500 novels, since reading is my hobby, but only one book I keep reading over and over again. It's the wonderful "Heritage of the River," by Muriel Elwood. It thrills me anew every time I read it. It would make an outstanding motion picture, a classic; and my friends all agree.

After seeing "Jump into Hell," I feel that the only person to play the part of Paul would be Jack Sernas, and Jeanne Crain would be very good as Marguerite. I think Jack Sernas is terrific; I'll certainly be sure to see him in "Helen of Troy."

JANET ANNE BENSON
Hartford, Connecticut

As the chief interest in the book "The Year the Yankees Lost the Pennant" is in the Senators winning rather than the Yankees losing, I think it is swell movie material.

James Stewart should play Joe, with June Allyson as Bess, Sheree North as Lola and Jack Palance as Mr. Applegate.

ARTHUR STOCKMAN
Longmont, Colorado

I think that Booth Tarkington's novel "Kate Fennigate," would make a wonderful movie. I think M-G-M should produce it in true "Executive Suite" casting, with the following stars as the leads.

Kate Fennigate, Ann Blyth; Laila Copper, Elizabeth Taylor; Ames Lanning, George Nader; Tuke Speer, Van Johnson; Celia Lanning, Lois Smith; Henry L. Roe, Charles Bickford; Miles Stuart, Ben Cooper.

I'll admit I've too many top stars in my casting, but many of these roles must be filled by capable, Academy Award acting that I think would be given by my cast.

DIANE BADA
Dearborn, Michigan

I have just finished reading the novel "Sara Dane" by Catherine Gaskin, which is about a girl who has been convicted of theft in England in the 1800's and sentenced for the rest of her life to Botany Bay in Australia. I think it would make a terrific picture with Grace Kelly as Sara, John Derek as Andrew MacLay, Louis Jourdan as Louis De Bourget and Rock Hudson as Jeremy Hogan.

JUDY GREEN
Larchmont, New York

QUESTION BOX:

I was going through some of my old movie books, when I came across the life story of Janet Leigh.

It stated that Janet had been married when she was fourteen, again in 1945, and again to her present husband, Tony Curtis. In another book, she said she had been married only twice. Please set me straight.

LYNN ANN SAWYER
Colorado Springs, Colorado

You've hit it in three.—Ed.

I have recently seen "The Long Gray Line," and I thought it was wonderful.

Please tell me who played Cherub Overton.

ANN HEAD
Richmond, Virginia

Pat Wayne. He also played Bookser in Warners' "Mister Roberts."—Ed.

In your December 1954 issue of PHOTOPLAY, you stated that Doris Day was baptized Doris Kapplehoff. In your June issue, you say Dorothy Kapplehoff.

Which is correct?

LYNN HENNE
Hamburg, Pennsylvania

Doris.—Ed.

My husband and I think Mari Blanchard has more sex appeal than some of the so-



A fan says Mari Blanchard can act, too!

called sex dolls of Hollywood. She is not only sexy, but she can act.

Please let me know how old she is and where she was born.

MRS. FRANCES HAVLICEK
Pomona, California

Mari was born in Long Beach, California, twenty-eight years ago.—Ed.

I heard that the book "Queen Bee" was being made into a movie, so I reread it. Now I wish you'd tell me who will play the parts of the "Queen," Jen and "Beauty"?

SUE LINABURY
Corunna, Michigan

Joan Crawford plays the "Queen," Lucy Marlow plays Jen, and Barry Sullivan plays "Beauty." This film was released by Columbia in November.—Ed.



Scott's a towering, eligible bachelor

Will you please settle a debate? My friend says that Scott Brady is married to Dorothy Malone. I say he is single. Who is right? How tall is Scott Brady?

ELEANORE FIDROSKI
Newark, New Jersey

You are. Neither Scott nor Dorothy are married. Scott is 6'2" tall.—Ed.

I have just seen the movie "Blackboard Jungle" and thought it was great. I wonder if you will tell me who played the part of Artie West and something about him.

MARTHA GITTO
Brooklyn, New York

Vic Morrow played Artie. Vic's voice will be heard narrating, from the dog's point of view, the film "Wildfire," and Vic himself will again appear in "Tribute to a Bad Man."

Vic, born in Asbury Park, New Jersey, is 5'10½" tall, weighs 155 lbs., has blond hair and blue eyes. After high school in New York City, Vic entered the Navy. Later he dropped a pre-law course in order to study acting; supported himself by cab-driving. Those fans who see some resemblance to Marlon Brando will not be surprised to learn that Vic studied for two years with Elia Kazan, and once toured the Eastern seaboard playing Stanley Kowalski in "A Streetcar Named Desire." Vic has traveled, studied and acted in Mexico, too.—Ed.

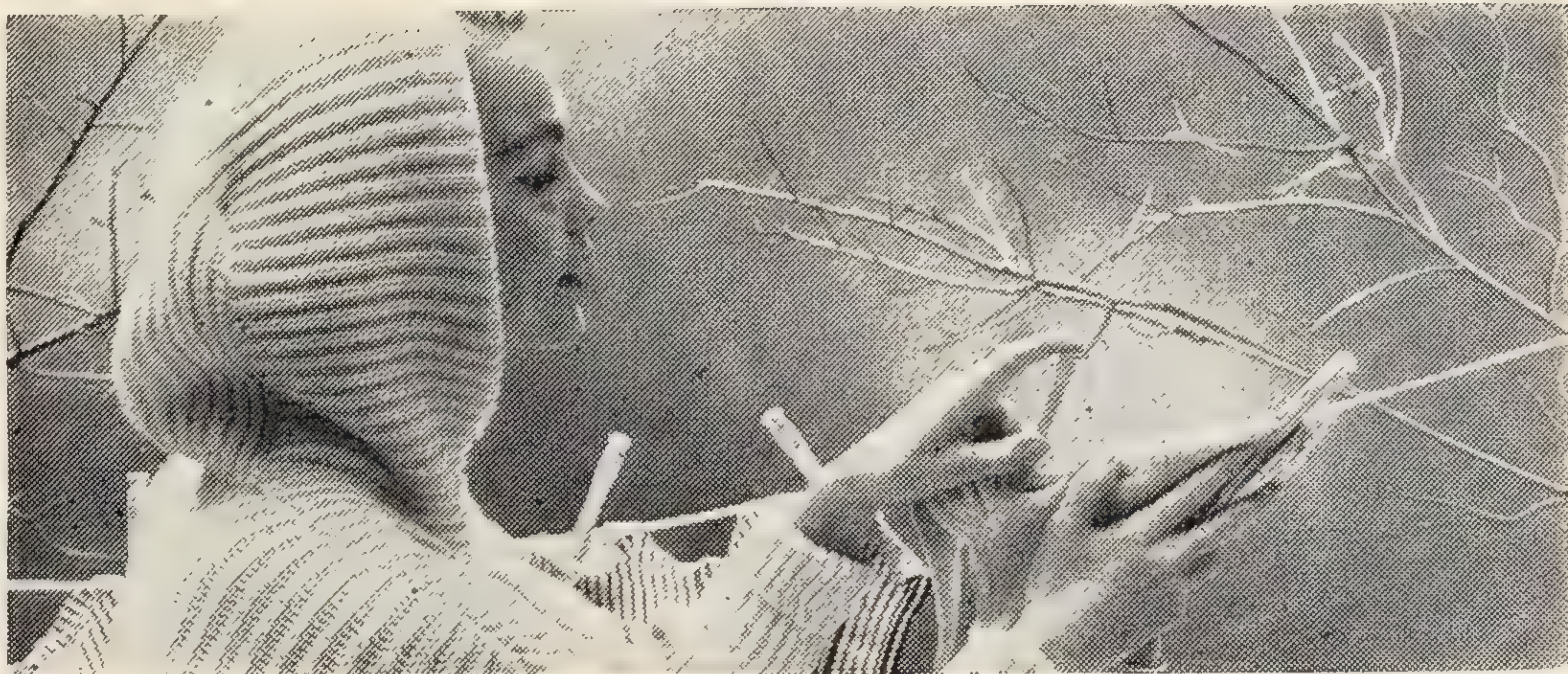
I would like to know what Danny Kaye's next picture will be, and who stars with him.

ROBERTA PAGANO
Waterbury, Connecticut

"The Court Jester," with Glynis Johns, Basil Rathbone, Angela Lansbury. Paramount releases this film in January.—Ed.

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See Angel Skin smooth, whiten rough hands right away! Chapping heals!

"Medically-matched" to skin — it's deep-softening!

Not just a "cosmetic" softener—new Angel Skin by Pond's is scientifically years ahead! Different from other leading lotions, Angel Skin is medically-matched to the skin's *own* softeners! This is why Angel Skin acts so *quickly* to smooth, whiten, *heal* chapped hands!

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Never sticky! New Angel Skin contains a special ingredient that *speeds* penetration. Its rich goodness goes in *at once!*

Get creamy-pink Angel Skin today. See its healing effects on *your* hands!

Note to doctors: Angel Skin is the only leading hand lotion with a pH rating similar to the pH rating of human skin. This is why new Angel Skin heals chapping as no old-style lotion can.



Heals detergent chapping!—Angel Skin counteracts the harsh alkali effect of detergents—as no old-style lotion can!



No stickiness! Angel Skin has no gummy "thickener"! It goes into your skin *at once*

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Same miracle formula
in hand cream form!



With Hubby Vic Damone, Pier Angeli came to the Deb Star Party swathed in white fox over embroidered silk

Honored at the Deb Star affair, Lili-ane Montevercchi was a knockout in a skintight sheath. Also in the spotlight were Lori Nelson—who had a hairdo chat with Marisa Pavan—Gloria Talbott, who sprouted bangs



HOLLYWOOD PARTY LINE

BY EDITH GWYNN

ANYONE who gets about Hollywood could have used eight legs and three sets of eyes and ears this month—what with all the charity events, openings and parties.

One of the biggest to-dos was the Deb Star Party at the Palladium, attended by nearly two thousand, and staged by the Make-up Artists and Hair Stylists of Hollywood. Jerry Lewis, Bob Hope, Jimmy Durante, Vic Damone and Janis Paige were some who entertained. Lili-ane Montevercchi—named by the make-up lads as one of the most promising young actresses of movies and TV—was a stunner in a skintight sheath of white lace over white satin. Lili-ane was with her “sponsor,” Walter Pidgeon. Tab Hunter sponsored Cathy Crosby, who looked like a doll in fluffy white. Other belles honored included Lori Nelson, Gloria Talbott, Kip Hamilton, Mara Corday and Jody Lawrance. Pier Angeli came swathed in an enormous white fox cape and had her hair softly framing her face in a longish bob. Her sister, Marisa Pavan—in strapless white satin bodice topping a skirt of same with insets of white net—was exchanging hairdo hints with Lori Nelson, who was importantly

gowned in a white strapless taffeta banded with narrow strips of gold lamé. Gloria Talbott looked gorgeous in her gown of white—with the fullest net skirt at the ball.

Same evening, the WAIF Whisper Ball was being held at the Moulin Rouge, and it was a wonderful affair. F. Sinatra rushed over from the Deb party to sing for the crowd—as did many others who’d already done one “benefit” that night. Bob Hope emceed the Whisper Ball, and Dinah Shore scored a big hit. She was with Jane Russell and Bob Waterfield. Also on hand were the Bob Mitchums, the Clark Gables, Vera-Ellen (who fainted, but came to quickly and denied the stork had anything to do with it), and Kim Novak with ever-lovin’ Mac Krim. Jane spoke of the work the WAIF’s are doing for foreign orphans and announced that the Make-up Artists had donated \$2500 to the cause.

As for preems, there were two. “The Desperate Hours” found Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis clowning it up on-stage during the awful minutes when the film broke—and Richard Jaeckel getting a big hand

from fans. Opening of Audie Murphy’s “To Hell and Back” brought forth a goodly share of celebs, plus a lot of Army brass, happy to honor Audie.

Then there was the crazy day that Marla English, Myrna Hansen, Joan Weldon and other starlets modeled thousands of \$\$\$ worth of furs right out on the corner of Hollywood and Vine—as part of a Chamber of Commerce campaign! And there was the party Liberace tossed at his valley home—with candelabras floating in the swimming pool. Liberace took people on a tour of the place in which almost everything is shaped like a piano. When Jack Warner got an eyeful of the piano-shaped bed, he flipped: “What tune does it play?” . . . There was the Olympic Games Fund Dinner at the Moulin Rouge. . . and Tony Martin’s hectic opening at the Cocoanut Grove. . . Last but not least, the Awards Dinner for the Los Angeles publishers, for the City of Hope, held at the Beverly Hilton. Jane Powell and Pat Nerney, the Kirk Douglasses, Grace Kelly—who was honorary hostess—and scads more shared a high-light night.

ROCK HUDSON'S WEDDING

If Hollywood had written the scenario it wouldn't be believed—the Cinderella story of the secretary who married the movie star, that is. But Rock Hudson, who once drove a milk truck, delivered mail, then later worked his way to stardom in tinsel-town, could fill in the romantic details of such a script. He could make it believable—for he married the girl.

Rock Hudson and Phyllis Gates—secretary to Rock's agent, Henry Willson—said their marriage vows in a ceremony performed by Rev. N. B. Thorpe of the Trinity Lutheran Church at the Hotel Santa Barbara Biltmore on November 9. Thus ended almost a year of speculation as to whether or not Rock would marry Phyllis. Rock has promised that he would announce his intentions on his thirtieth birthday. He was on his honeymoon eight days after the ceremony when he celebrated that birthday.

It was typical of Rock that he told no one of his plan. He and Phyllis simply picked up their license in the small town of Ventura, California, and went on to Santa Barbara for the ceremony. With Rock and Phyllis were Rock's best friend, James Mateoni (who dates back to kindergarten in Rock's home town of Winnetka, Illinois), and Phyllis' friend, Patricia Devlin. When Rock took out the license, he wisely registered under his legal name—Roy Fitzgerald—thus avoiding any last-minute mob scenes at his wedding. The romance between Rock and Phyllis began in quite an unspectacular manner. Rock had returned from Ireland—where he made "Captain Lightfoot"—and a trip throughout Europe. He dropped into the office of his agent, Henry Willson, during this period. Rock was about to go into "All That Heaven Allows" for his studio. Also, details of his being starred in "Giant" needed straightening out, and arrangements were in progress for other big deals. It seemed perfectly natural for Rock to find himself in Henry's office more and more frequently. Then came the inevitable premiere that must be attended, and it seemed equally natural to invite Phyllis Gates. However, after Rock had escorted her publicly two or three times, the glare of Hollywood's speculative spotlight grew too bright for the couple and, if they went out at all, it was to out-of-the-way places.

In the meantime, Rock was building a new house—one roomy enough to share with a bride. Ignoring all comments, Rock refused to commit himself. But all his close friends knew that Phyllis was helping with the decorations—advising on such bridelike arrangements as where the kitchen appliances should go. It was to this house that the two returned after their honeymoon at the end of November and Rock went back to work in "Written in the Wind" with Lauren Bacall.

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"MAGNIFICENT OBSESSION"
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GREAT ROMANTIC STORY!



Universal-International presents

JANE ROCK
WYMAN HUDSON



All that Heaven Allows

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with
AGNES MOOREHEAD · CONRAD NAGEL · VIRGINIA GREY
DIRECTED BY **DOUGLAS SIRK** SCREENPLAY BY **PEG FENWICK** PRODUCED BY **ROSS HUNTER**



Tux and Tucks on Liberace men almost stole the show from Mom, George's wife Janie at recent big preem in Hollywood



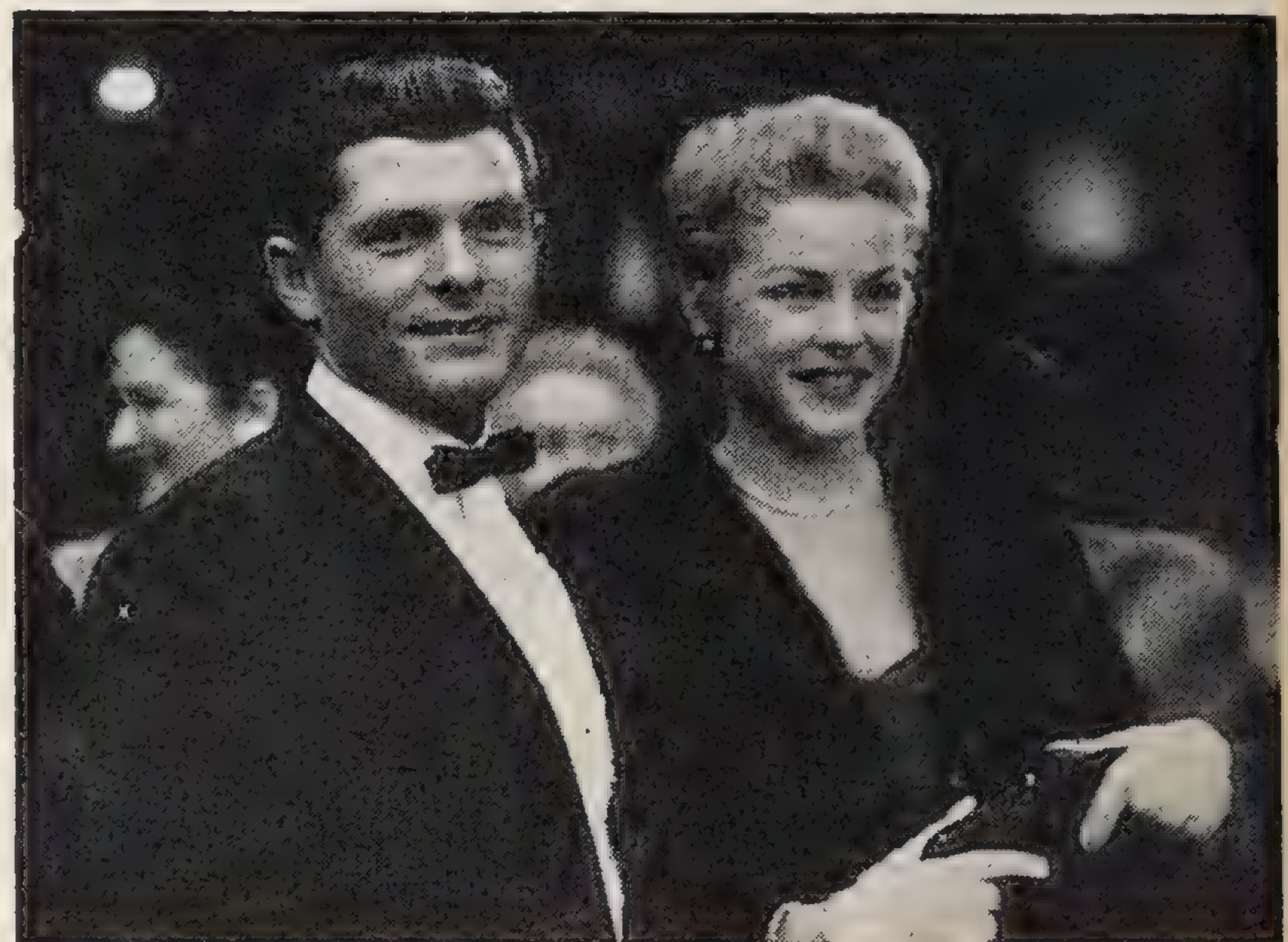
Dates with Frankie are just publicity for "The Man with the Golden Arm," says Kim Novak—Mac Krim's still her best beau

Cal York's

INSIDE STUFF



W A I F Ball was a ball for Doris Day and husband Marty Melcher, who were glad to be back home again after wonderful trip abroad



Dewey Martin, with date Ellie Kent at preem of "The Desperate Hours," plays poignant role of Bogey's kid brother in film

Love and Marriage: Typical of Debbie Reynolds, she didn't forget studio friends who were unable to attend her wedding. Several days after the surprise ceremony, the gang in M-G-M's make-up and hairdressing departments received a package from the bride and groom. Inside was a huge slab of the five-foot wedding cake. Debbie also sent a slice to her good friend Lori Nelson, who has been sleeping with it under her pillow ever since. So far—nothing! . . . Edmund Purdom is still reluctant to discuss marriage plans. With a shrug of indifference, he categorizes Linda Christian as "my best friend." She, however, insists: "We plan to be married when we are clear of legal complications."

Tired Trouper: Rock Hudson, now that "Giant" is in the can, insists he's going



"To Hell and Back" preem attracts the big brass! Audie Murphy, Pam, with Fort Ord commander, Maj. Gen. Mudgett



The Jerry Lewises, Vic Damone, at Deb Star Ball. But big event for Jerry will be the birth of their baby in February



W A I F · Whisper Ball benefited Jane's pet project, got glamour turnout. Above, Jane, Bob Waterfield and Dinah Shore

to get a long rest, "even if I have to take a suspension." In the meantime, he's trying to finish furnishing his house. Returning home from one shopping tour, he walked in and found Phyllis Gates looking like a mammy singer! It seems that while she was cooking dinner for Rock, leaves from an overhanging tree fell into the chimney and filled the place with black smoke. So they cleaned and scrubbed until dawn. Those shillelaghs Rock bought in Ireland are anchored on the fireplace—"Handy to reach when guests happen to forget to go home," grins the big fellow.

Brief Moment: Contrary to a ridiculous rumor, James Dean had every desire to live. This past year, Jimmy had grown closer to his estranged father and was beginning to feel he "be-

longed." Psychiatry was also helping him to mellow. Says Dick Clayton, his agent-friend who knew him best: "Jimmy was very thrilled about his new million-dollar contract and doing the Rocky Marciano story. Born lonely, he was confused at times and, as a result, his behavior was unorthodox. But every day he lived he struggled to improve. There was only goodness in Jimmy Dean's heart."

On the Town: Kim Novak insists that Mac Krim is still the guy in her life. Her dates with Frank Sinatra have been purely to publicize their movie, "The Man with the Golden Arm." . . . Number one sneak-preview hounds, Ben Cooper and Natalie Wood, are sneak-previewing together. . . . And Susan Hayward had her "friend" Don Barry by her side at the sneak preview of

"I'll Cry Tomorrow." The audience cried all over Susie!

Girls-ville: Hollywood was surprised when June Allyson and Doris Day became intimate friends. The Dick Powells and Marty Melchers hope to make a movie together. Doris wants to dance in it and Junie wants to sing!

To Cal from Tony Curtis: "Just want you to know I'm still in Paris swinging on that 'Trapeze.' Burt Lancaster and Lollobrigida have been great to me. I love the people here, but I'm so homesick for a hamburger I can taste it. Wait until you hear me parlez-vous with a Brooklyn accent. It's the craziest! Now that Janet's back from shooting in Africa I feel better. That girl sure is my life. Best to you, Hollywood and Vine. Always, 'Pierre Schwartz.'" p

Continued

Dark Brown Taste: Press-agentry hit a new low when someone planted a story that Elizabeth Taylor's hospitalization was due to shock over James Dean's death. Lovely Liz was actually stricken with severe abdominal pains, and the fabricated story embarrassed her, as well as others who knew the truth.

Der Fatherland: Mother Nature dealt an unkind hand to the Clark Gables. The King has always wanted a crown prince of his own, and he and wife Kay were so happy making plans for a new arrival next spring. Then Kay suffered a bad attack of the flu and lost the baby. Greatly saddened, they are hoping for better luck next time. . . . John Wayne had just broken the news to his four teenage children by his first marriage when newshounds discovered he was about to become a father again. One thing they didn't discover: John's oldest daughter, Antonia, is getting married in the spring.

Hats Off: To Delta Phi Omegas, wherever you are! Tab Hunter said he swallowed baseballs when Georgia Carr called him from the University of Virginia to break the big news. What an admirable gesture for your sorority to select a representative personality each year and honor his name. When Tab learned you were adopting a seven-month-old baby and donating \$100 to

the Mental Health Fund, he was deeply touched and grateful.

Escape Artists: Hollywood represented too many heartaches for Ava Gardner, which is why she established permanent roots in Spain and will commute to Hollywood for picturemaking. Meanwhile, Ava's ecstatic letters to Lana Turner set Lana to thinking. Result: Her big Bel Air home is up for sale. Lana and Lex fell in love with Acapulco, Mexico, where they vacationed last year, which inspired them to build a home there, and they, too, will commute.

Romance, Hollywood Style: Contrary to rumors, Marlon Brando's appearance on the 20th lot had nothing to do with seeing Rita Moreno. While working in "Désirée," Marlon started going to the studio dentist, and he just went back to finish up! . . . Love walked out of Piper Laurie's life—and right back in again. Shortly after David Schine was recalled to Alaska for Army duty, Gene Nelson returned from Europe. He's been teaching Piper to play golf, ride horseback and not be lonely. . . . Now that his marriage is on the rocks, John Derek's getting around—with Ursula Andress, especially.

Cloud Nine: Catching up with Jane Powell as she was gift-buying for Pat

Nerney, Cal didn't have to ask. "I'm so happy," she volunteered, "I could explode! Everything good is happening at once. I love M-G-M, but they haven't kept me very busy. Now that my new contract calls for one picture a year, the rest of the time I can cook, free-lance and have babies. We expect our first in February. Next week I'll be shopping for diapers!"

Rose-colored Glasses: Russ Tamblyn and Venetia Stevenson are walking on air and their world is bursting with dreamy plans for a February wedding. One day, while driving around, they saw a "for rent" sign on a charming, vine-covered cottage. They dashed in to take a look and flipped. The owners, however, refused to talk turkey. "Come back and bring your parents," they said. Poor Russ—just turned 21—couldn't convince them that he is his own lord and master!

Hollywood Believes: That Rita Hayworth has finally learned her lesson and will allow the right persons to run her career after she divorces Dick Haymes. . . . That there's a "new" Lori Nelson just around the corner. Even her best friends are amazed at her newfound self-assurance and determination to become a good actress. . . . That the Aldo Rays have every chance for a reconciliation—if the lov-

Photograph by David Kovar



A rare picture of Dick Egan with the brother who did so much to encourage him during the hard years—Father Willis Egan

The Dodgers won the Series, but Yankee player Andy Carey wins a prize—lovely Lucy Marlow at big Hollywood wedding!



able lug would become more objective in his thinking and grow up emotionally. . . . That it's only a matter of time before Ann Blyth announces her screen retirement. Starring in the role of mother appeals to her more than seeing her name in lights.

Fond Farewell: Hale and hardy at 41 was John Hodiak, and his sudden death saddened Hollywood greatly. John, who was loved by everyone, suffered his first "heart attack" when Anne Baxter divorced him in 1953. He adored his little daughter Katrina, too, and the family breakup left invisible scars.

The Good Earth: Dreams do come true—if you're George Nader and you're willing to work hard. On his 35th birthday, an excited George bought his first house, in Sherman Oaks. "It's modest," he says, "even if I do have a kidney-shaped swimming pool. I've always wanted lots of land and a dog. Now I have both!" When beautiful blond Dani Crayne gave George a kitchen shower, Rock Hudson walked in with a setting hen under one arm and an egg beater under the other!

Beautiful Booster: Leslie Caron has fallen in zee beeg way for our town. She signed up again for the house she leased while her parents were here visiting, and she wants to become an American citizen.

Many Happy Returns: At an adjoining table in the Beverly Hilton Bali Room, Cal watched the happy Jeff Chandlers celebrate their ninth wedding anniversary. Every hour on the hour, Marge received a pretty package from ever-lovin' Jeff. . . . And the William Holdens, who "have everything we need," donated their fourteenth anniversary present money to charity.

Family Affair: Everyone at Paramount has fallen in love with Marlon Brando's remarkable dad. "To Tame a Land" will be made on that lot, and Brando, sr. is on the production staff of Junior's first Western. . . . Guy Madison and his handsome brother, Wayne Mallory, are collaborating on an original screen story. It depicts the adventures of two critters from the cow country who get stranded in New York. . . . When Tom Ewell's six-month-old son played *their* son in "The Lieutenant Wore Skirts," co-star Sheree North presented the pint-sized thespian with a director's high chair with his name, "Tate" Ewell, lettered on the back.

What's New in Colgate Dental Cream

that's MISSING- MISSING-MISSING in every other leading toothpaste?

*It's GARDOL—To Give Up To
7 Times Longer Protection
Against Tooth Decay
...With Just One Brushing!*

GARDOL Makes This Amazing Difference!

MINUTES AFTER
BRUSHING WITH ANY
TOOTH PASTE



DECAY-CAUSING
BACTERIA RETURN TO
ATTACK YOUR TEETH!

12 HOURS AFTER
ONE COLGATE BRUSHING
GARDOL IS



STILL FIGHTING
THE BACTERIA THAT
CAUSE DECAY!



No other leading toothpaste can give the 12-hour protection against tooth decay you get with Colgate's with just one brushing!

Any toothpaste can destroy decay- and odor-causing bacteria. But new bacteria return in minutes, to form the acids that cause tooth decay. Colgate Dental Cream, unlike any other leading toothpaste,* keeps on fighting decay for 12 hours or more!

So, morning brushings with Colgate Dental Cream help protect all day; evening

brushings all night. Gardol in Colgate Dental Cream forms an invisible, protective shield around your teeth that lasts for 12 hours with just one brushing. Ask your dentist how often to brush your teeth. Encourage your children to brush after meals. And at all times, get Gardol protection in Colgate Dental Cream!

*THE TOP THREE BRANDS AFTER COLGATE'S.

Cleans Your Breath ^{While} Guards Your Teeth



LET'S GO TO THE MOVIES

with
Janet Graves



Best Acting: Anna Magnani

In his song, Gordon takes Shirley Jones on a gala surrey ride

Awkward as it is, Burt's wooing softens Anna Magnani's heart

Oklahoma!

MAGNA; TODD-AO, EASTMAN COLOR

✓✓✓✓ All the wonderful music and the fresh outdoor zest of the Rodgers-Hammerstein classic come to you in this utterly charming musical. More relaxed yet more vigorous in his acting style than ever before, Gordon MacRae does full justice to the songs and to his scenes as the cowboy hero. As his sweetheart, who thinks he's over-confident, newcomer Shirley Jones is demure and spirited. Playing the evil-minded hired man who wants her, Rod Steiger adds substance and a dark note of contrast. Gene Nelson, Eddie Albert and Gloria Grahame team engagingly in the comic triangle of the cowhand, the peddler and the girl who "cain't say no," and Charlotte Greenwood's likable as Shirley's hearty aunt. On the curved screen of new Todd-AO, the pioneers have plenty of room.

FAMILY

The Rose Tattoo

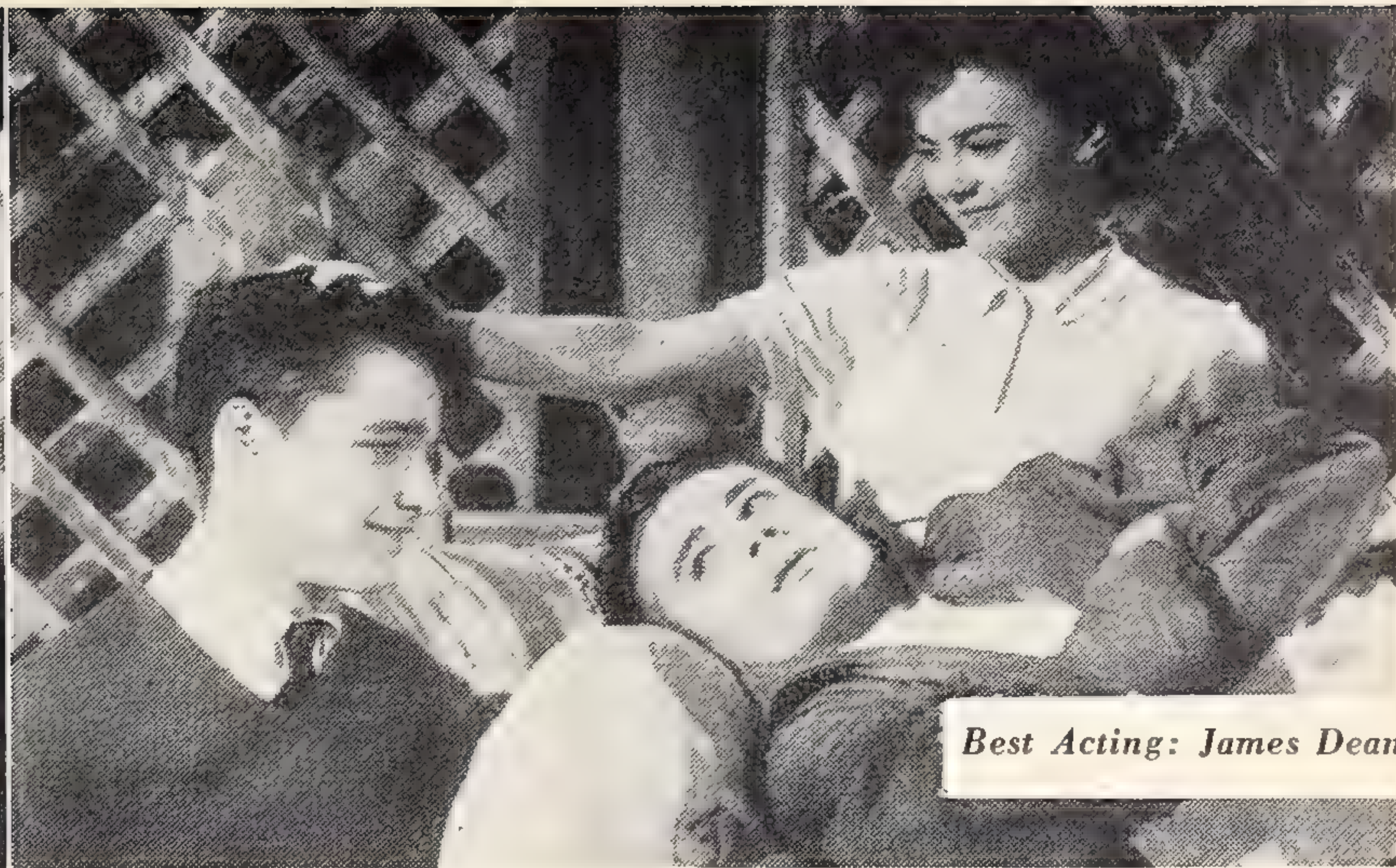
WALLIS, PARAMOUNT; VISTAVISION

✓✓✓✓ Strikingly unusual in theme, this lively comedy-drama marks Anna Magnani's Hollywood debut. The fiery Italian star brilliantly portrays a widow in a small Southern town, a warm-natured woman who has lost interest in life since the death of her passionately loved husband. Emotionally hungry herself, she turns suspicious when her daughter (Marisa Pavan) falls innocently in love with a sailor (Ben Cooper). A surprising way out of the tangle is offered when a truck-driver comes courting the widow. With no effort toward dignity, Burt Lancaster makes this fellow laughable and likable, though not very bright. The whole picture bubbles with the unexpected, from Burt's clowning and Anna's assurance with dialogue to the affecting work of Ben and Marisa.

ADULT



On a fling in Cuba, Jean begins to see Marlon in a new light



Lonely young Sal Mineo adopts Jimmy and Natalie as his family

Guys and Dolls

GOLDWYN, M-G-M; CINEMASCOPE, EASTMAN COLOR

✓✓✓ The lavish movie version of the Broadway hit about Damon Runyon's Broadway generates the delightful feeling that anything can happen. Marlon Brando turns crooner. Jean Simmons uncorks a sweet, rhythm-wise soprano and an enchanting abandon in comedy scenes. While Frank Sinatra fits into the locale and the musical tempo as neatly as you'd expect, Vivian Blaine does a stunning comeback opposite him, repeating her stage success. Gamblers Frank and Marlon kick off the plot with a strange bet. To win, Marlon must lure to Havana with him any girl that Frank names. Jean's the unlikely choice, a prim lassie wearing the uniform of the Save-a-Soul Mission. As Frank's long-time fiancée, Vivian joins a fine lot of character actors in building up the rich, gaudy atmosphere.

FAMILY

Rebel Without a Cause

WARNERS; CINEMASCOPE, WARNERCOLOR

✓✓✓ A performance of great force and fire by the late James Dean gives life to this study of unhappy youth. Jimmy plays a high-school boy whose home gives him no peace or sense of security. His mother (Ann Doran) is a shrew; his father (Jim Backus), a meekly henpecked excuse for a man. Though Jimmy keeps getting into trouble, they can't understand why. At school, the boy is challenged by a gang of delinquents. But he does find two friends, facing problems similar to his: Natalie Wood, who is denied her father's affection; and Sal Mineo, neglected son of wealthy, estranged parents. Without so much as a glimpse at any normal, healthy family life, the story presents an off-balance, relentlessly violent picture, but the three young leads create many touching moments.

ADULT



Jo Van Fleet disapproves of Susan's romance with Ray Danton



A wedding night is no time for goodbyes, Jeanne tells George

I'll Cry Tomorrow

M-G-M

✓✓✓ Though Susan Hayward uses her own melodious contralto in several songs, this filmed biography of Lillian Roth is no musical, but a searing portrait of degradation and regeneration. Susan pulls no punches in showing how a young, successful singer could become a beaten alcoholic. As her domineering yet loving mother, Jo Van Fleet joins in revealing a complex relationship. The men involved have limited roles: Ray Danton, as the fiancé whose sudden death sends Susan to the bottle for escape; Don Taylor, as the flyer she marries during a spree; Richard Conte, as her brutal second husband; Eddie Albert, as a fellow member of Alcoholics Anonymous. Grueling to watch, the film seems at times less a drama than a tract or a plug for A. A. But it has genuine power.

ADULT

The Second Greatest Sex

U-I; CINEMASCOPE, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓ In a light, rollicking comedy-with-music, Jeanne Crain and George Nader duet appealingly. The setting is Kansas of the 1880's, where the men of three neighboring towns stage a running fight for the possession of a safe containing local records. Whichever town gets it, they believe, will eventually become the county seat. Sick of being deserted at regular intervals, the women follow Jeanne's leadership in denying their men the pleasure of their company until the foolish "war" is called off. But the featherweight plot is less important than the gay songs and dances and the romances, teaming Jeanne with George, coquette Mamie Van Doren with preacher Keith Andes, canary Kitty Kallen with hooper Tommy Rall, spinster Edna Skinner with travelin' man Paul Gilbert.

FAMILY P

Continued

Quentin Durward

M-G-M; CINEMASCOPE,
EASTMAN COLOR

✓✓✓ Robert Taylor takes moviegoers pleasantly unawares with this post-medieval adventure yarn, for it's all done in a cheerful, tongue-in-cheek style. Bob's a gallant Scotsman—born a little too late. In a more cynical age, his devotion to the knightly ideals of honor, courage and chivalry is considered quaintly old-fashioned. But he goes stubbornly on upholding the right and defending womanhood. The lady in question is no standard heroine. England's handsome Kay Kendall doesn't wait around to be rescued. On occasion, she hikes up her ample skirts, clutches her jewel box to her bosom and rescues herself. Kay's a French noblewoman innocently involved in a violent struggle for the mastery of her then-divided country. For political reasons, she's supposed to marry Bob's ancient uncle. Bob comes to France to look her over, falls in love with her, but must remain silent out of loyalty to the old man.

More sly comedy is provided by Robert Morley, as the wily King Louis XI, and George Cole, as a gypsy who's terribly embarrassed by his twinges of honesty. Genuine French chateaux of the period and the lovely surrounding countryside make a splendid setting for all the colorful goings-on.

FAMILY

Lease of Life

I.F.E., EASTMAN COLOR

✓✓✓✓ Once familiar to American audiences, Robert Donat makes a welcome comeback in a British film that combines inspirational qualities with gentle humor. As a country parson, Donat has led a rather dull and difficult life, barely getting by on his scant salary. When a doctor tells him that a heart condition leaves him only a year to live, at the most, Donat's reaction is surprising. His world suddenly takes on new brilliance for him; he finds extra zest in daily routines and unsuspected reserves of courage and wit.

While a startling sermon he preaches makes him a controversial figure, he also has his daughter's problems to worry about. A talented pianist, pretty Adrienne Corri has a chance to win a scholarship—but the family hasn't enough money to support her during her studies. As her patient, devoted mother, Kay Walsh takes desperate measures to get the necessary cash. Denholm Elliott's attractive as a musician in love with Adrienne, and Vida Hope does a creepy sketch of evil, as a farm wife waiting vulture-like for her aged husband to die. Though the locales are mostly drab, subtle use of color draws beauty out of them.

FAMILY

The View from Pompey's Head

20TH;
CINEMASCOPE, DE LUXE COLOR

✓✓✓ With Richard Egan giving a thoughtful performance and newcomer Dana

Wynter doing a provocative debut, this close-up of the present-day South holds the interest consistently. After fifteen years in New York, building a successful law career, Egan goes back to his Dixie home town to investigate a mystery in the life of novelist Sidney Blackmer. At once, Egan is plunged into the social conflicts of the town. Dana, a lovely aristocrat, is still in love with him, though she has married rough-mannered Cameron Mitchell, so that her husband's money could buy back her family's old mansion. As Blackmer's wife, a faded, ancestor-conscious belle, Marjorie Rambeau has threatened a law suit, the reason for Egan's visit. She wants the publishers to account for a missing portion of the writer's income. While Egan seeks the answer, he also has a romantic dilemma. His love for Dana revives; but he, too, is now married—and contentedly.

ADULT

The Trouble with Harry

PARAMOUNT;
VISTAVISION, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓ Forgetting about suspense to chase laughs, director Alfred Hitchcock comes up with quite a few chuckles in this leisurely comedy. All his characters are a little nutty, except *Harry*. He's dead. Unlikable in life, he proves a nuisance as a corpse. Coming upon the remains on a Vermont hillside, lovable old Edmund Gwenn promptly convicts himself, figuring he must have shot *Harry* while aiming at a rabbit. Spinster Mildred Natwick thinks she dealt the stranger a fatal blow while defending her virtue. And pixie Shirley MacLaine had good reason to wish the man dead: He was her husband. An artist as eccentric as the rest of the crew, John Forsythe gets mixed up in the business of burying *Harry* and digging him up and burying him again, etc., according to where suspicion falls and which way the law is looking. Meantime, love slowly links Shirley and John, Edmund and Mildred. The splendor of New England in autumn—flaming trees and smoke-blue mountains—makes a dreamy backdrop for a story that doesn't move much faster than our friend *Harry* does.

ADULT

The Girl in the Red Velvet Swing

20TH;
CINEMASCOPE, DE LUXE COLOR

✓✓✓ Lurid headlines of 1906 blaze again as luscious Joan Collins takes the role of Evelyn Nesbit, model whose beauty ruined two men. Ray Milland's appropriately serious as architect Stanford White, happily married but hopelessly infatuated with the young girl. Farley Granger accurately reflects the immaturity of Harry K. Thaw, playboy who marries her in a mood of homicidal jealousy. The atmosphere of the period lends the story color, and Joan looks exquisite in the many gracious costumes. But the motives of the character she portrays aren't clear enough to give her much acting opportunity.

ADULT

Sincerely Yours

WARNERS, WARNERCOLOR

✓✓ Here's a treat for Liberace fans, who've had the chance to spend only a half-hour at a time with their idol on the airwaves. In this music-drama, the genial pianist is on display for nearly two hours. He offers generous helpings of his unique fingerwork, including one boogie-woogie number that shows how remarkably fast he can tickle the ivories. He throws in a snatch of song and even a dash of tap-dancing. Aptly, Liberace is cast as a popular pianist. His heart is given so wholly to his art that he doesn't recognize Joanne Dru's more than secretarial devotion to him. But socialite Dorothy Malone's attractions do catch his eye. Both romance and career go by the board when he is stricken with deafness. Deeply depressed, he regains spirit by intervening to solve the problems of others: a crippled little boy (Richard Eyer), a selfish young wife (Lori Nelson). As a composer, Alex Nicol is Liberace's rival for Dorothy's hand.

FAMILY

Hell's Horizon

COLUMBIA

✓✓ Modest and straightforward, this vignette of the war in Korea concentrates on a crucial bombing mission. Pilot John Ireland is a hard and apparently self-centered type—too inclined to take dangerous chances, his crew thinks at first. Between John and the younger Larry Pennell, there's a tense rivalry for the affections of Marla English, a gentle Eurasian girl. John takes her casually; Larry's intentions are honorable. The navigator has marital problems; the radar man is green; but co-pilot Bill Williams provides a steadying influence. As the youngest member of the crew, trumpet-player Chet Baker does an appealing job.

FAMILY

Texas Lady

RKO; SUPERSCOPE, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓ Returning to the screen in a brisk Western, Claudette Colbert takes over a small-town newspaper and thereby faces a battle. Cattle kings Ray Collins and Walter Sande think they own everything and everybody in these parts. Claudette's cause isn't helped when she repels the advances of Greg Walcott, their cold-eyed young gun-slinger. But she has a champion in the personable person of Barry Sullivan, a gamblin' man who's also mighty quick on the trigger. Conventional in outline, the story moves along at a nice clip.

FAMILY

Tarantula

U-I

✓✓ A fast and generally entertaining slice of science-fiction offers chills for the susceptible moviegoer, giggles for the sophisticated. In his desert laboratory, scientist Leo G. Carroll has invented a formula that's supposed to be a syn-

thetic food. Though it enormously speeds the growth of test animals, when it's tried on people it causes glandular disorders that fearfully distort the features (a nice, horrible make-up job, this). One of the human victims wrecks the laboratory, killing most of the animals but letting a tarantula escape. Upon its getaway, this monster is about the size of a spaniel, but as it hungrily roams the New Mexico mountains it grows to the dimensions of Grand Central Station. Doc John Agar, scientist Mara Corday and the U. S. Air Force subdue the menace.

FAMILY

A Lawless Street COLUMBIA, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓ Randolph Scott rides again in a horse opera as crisply efficient as most of his vehicles. A marshal who has his town firmly under control, he's weary of his long-time job, and friends warn him that his luck's about due to run out. It was his work, too, that estranged his wife (Angela Lansbury), a dance-hall entertainer. But there are still elements among the citizenry, headed by Warner Anderson, that want to make theirs a wide open town once more. And Randy can't retire until he has the situation licked.

FAMILY

Running Wild

U-I

✓✓ Though William Campbell turns in an effective performance, this cops-and-robbers yarn isn't likely to give his career much of a boost. At least, he gets to play the hero and at the same time to assume the more colorful mannerisms of a juvenile delinquent. Bill's cast as a cop detailed to break up a gang of youthful car thieves by pretending to join it. His chief target, he soon learns, is the older master mind (Keenan Wynn) who plans these operations. Winsome Kathleen Case also has a double-edged role: Obviously a nice girl, she is Wynn's girl friend. It takes Bill most of the picture to unravel the contradiction, with love to motivate him. Jan Merlin and, opposite him, Mamie Van Doren are gang members.

FAMILY

The Crooked Web

COLUMBIA

✓✓ As it eventually works out, there's an ingenious idea at the heart of this melodrama, but it's revealed too slowly and with too many complications to be entirely believable. As owner of a drive-in restaurant, a man with a weakness for gambling, Frank Lovejoy is apparently scheduled to be the victim of a swindle. In love with Mari Blanchard, he agrees to go into partnership with her "brother" (Richard Denning). Denning needs money to get to Europe and retrieve a collection of solid gold trinkets he "liberated" during the war. Actually, Mari and Denning are sweethearts—but Frank is the bad guy, not the deceived innocent. As a GI, he murdered two fellow servicemen, but was returned to the U. S. and honorably discharged before the crime could be traced to him. Now justice stalks him.

FAMILY




THE SINGIN' DANCIN' SAGA
OF THOSE KANSAS
CALICO DAYS !!

The

SECOND GREATEST SEX



PRINT BY
Technicolor

STARRING

JEANNE CRAIN
KITTY KALLEN
MAMIE VAN DOREN
KATHLEEN CASE

GEORGE NADER
BERT LAHR
KEITH ANDES
PAUL GILBERT

with TOMMY RALL • EDNA SKINNER • JIMMY BOYD • COUSIN EMMY • THE MIDWESTERNERS
DIRECTED BY GEORGE MARSHALL • WRITTEN FOR THE SCREEN BY CHARLES HOFFMAN • PRODUCED BY ALBERT J. COHEN

A UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL PICTURE

8
GREAT
SONG
HITS!

DOCTORS PROVE A ONE-MINUTE MASSAGE WITH

PALMOLIVE SOAP CAN GIVE YOU A
Cleaner, Fresher Complexion...Today!

GETS HIDDEN DIRT THAT ORDINARY CLEANSING METHODS MISS!

1.

Dirt left on face after ordinary cleansing!

Rub your face hard with a cotton pad after ordinary casual cleansing with any soap or cold cream. You'll see that you didn't remove deep-down dirt and make-up. "Ordinary-clean" is just superficially clean!



2.

Beautifully clean after 60-second Palmolive facial!

Rub your face the same way after 60-second massage with Palmolive. Pad is still snowy-white! "Palmolive-clean" is deep-down clean. Your skin is free of clinging dirt that casual cleansing misses.



Mild and Gentle



Only a Soap This Mild CAN WORK SO THOROUGHLY YET SO GENTLY! PALMOLIVE BEAUTY CARE CLEANS CLEANER, CLEANS DEEPER, WITHOUT IRRITATION!

No matter what your age or type of skin, doctors have proved that Palmolive beauty care *can* give you a cleaner, fresher complexion the very first time you use it! That's because Palmolive care gets your skin *deep-down* clean by removing the hidden, clinging dirt that casual methods miss.

Here's the easy method:

Just massage your face with Palmolive's rich, gentle lather for 60 seconds, morning and night. Rinse and pat dry. It's that simple! But remember . . . only a soap that is *truly* mild can cleanse thoroughly without leaving your face feeling drawn and uncomfortable. And Palmolive's mildness lets you massage a full minute *without irritation*.

Try mild Palmolive Soap today. In just 60 seconds, you'll be on your way toward new complexion beauty!

DOCTORS PROVE PALMOLIVE'S BEAUTY RESULTS!



Strange courtship: Burt Lancaster, Anna Magnani



Mingled emotions confuse Anna and daughter Marisa Pavan

“the ROSE TATTOO”

● Good news for moviegoers who enjoy a truly adult story! Good news, too, for those who like their entertainment robust and warmly alive. Paramount's "The Rose Tattoo" rates headlines on both scores. Producer of the Oscar-trimmed "Come Back, Little Sheba," Hal Wallis has done it again with his movie version of Tennessee Williams' Broadway success. Courageous casting gives "The Rose Tattoo" extra piquancy. In the lead is no Hollywood name, but the first lady of the Italian screen. Lady? Well, Anna Magnani is that, but mostly she's all woman, a wild-haired, sumptuously proportioned brunette of mature years, who can show the slim, sleek, youthful glamour girls a trick or two—or three or four, or more. Opposite her, Burt Lancaster again proves that he's more than an acrobatic action hero. Yet the cheerful role he plays is entirely different from his dramatic work in "Come Back, Little Sheba" and "From Here to Eternity."

With a stroke of daring, the important young romance is entrusted to a pair of comparatively untried players. Marisa Pavan, who has done only a few colorless ingénues, suddenly comes across as a vivid and unique type, entirely different from any other actress in her age bracket. And fans may take the choice of Ben Cooper as a bow to their good judgment and foresight. For the past year, PHOTOPLAY has been showered with letters demanding bigger chances for Ben. "The Rose Tattoo" answers all these pleas.

In its approach to the subject of sex, the picture deserves further applause. Its attitude is forthright and healthy, without a single side-wise leer. Here's the special surprise: Though the story centers on the emotional problems of a widow and her teenaged daughter, a wealth of hearty, human laughter arises naturally from its situations. Hard to imagine? See it, and you'll see.



Burt's devotion finally leads Anna, a widow, to face reality



Sharing a sincere love, Marisa and Ben Cooper face conflict



New discovery Liliane Montevocchi is in a dilemma—but with the help of her studio and that New Year star, it won't be long before U.S. gets her message!

BY BEVERLY LINET

● What do you want for this bright New Year? A man? A mink? A million? Or is your wish a prayer that this year will be one of peace and happiness for everyone? That's what Hollywood's bright stars asked for, and we know it's a wish in everyone's heart.

But because we're only human after all, we wondered out loud, "But what do you want for yourself?" The answers were as varied as Liberace's fabulous wardrobe!

Piper Laurie has had so many things happen to her, there's hardly anything left to wish for. First she moved from her family's home and took her first bachelor apart- (Continued on page 54)



WISHING ON

Roz Russell couldn't ask for anything more—for herself. But there is something she wants for best chum Loretta Young, who was ill for so long

LILIANE MONTEVECCHI IS IN "MEET ME IN LAS VEGAS"; ROZ RUSSELL, IN "THE GIRL RUSH" AND "PICNIC"; ANITA EKBERG, IN "ARTISTS AND MODELS"



MITZI GAYNOR IS IN
 "ANYTHING GOES"; COLLEEN MILLER,
 IN "THE RAWHIDE YEARS";
 ANNE FRANCIS, IN "FORBIDDEN PLANET"
 COLLEEN'S GOWN BY
 MAXWELL SHIEFF, FEATHER FAN
 BY CALIF. ACCESSORIES

←
 If the wishing star will cooper-
 ate, sexy Swedish Anita Ekberg,
 who has a million men vying for
 her favor, won't be bothered any
 more by the Cold Front she en-
 countered in certain quarters!



Now that Piper Laurie has an apartment
 of her own and a shiny new convertible,
 she's happily dreaming of faraway
 places. Leaving that new beau behind?

Blissfully happy Mitzi Gaynor had to
 come down out of the clouds to make
 her 1956 wish. But it's going to make
 husband Jack Bean glad that she did!

A NEW YEAR'S STAR

Colleen Miller, as Mrs. Ted Briskin
 of Chicago, is having trouble getting
 to work on time. So she has a whiz
 of an order for that wishing star!

Hollywood, remembering Anne Francis'
 quiet courage during her troubles,
 echoes the wish that this talented
 young star's three wishes will come true





He was afraid of disappointing those who believed in him, scared of the responsibility of stardom, ready to call it quits as an actor . . .

Then Hudson Got



Rock Hudson is also in "All That Heaven Allows"

At one time, the idea of working with veterans like Jane Withers, Liz Taylor, director George Stevens, would have had Rock groaning, "What am I doing here!" But with "Giant," Rock was ready—with no apologies for a guy named Hudson

**BY
BEVERLY OTT**

● On the main street in Marfa, Texas, a tiny movie house stood dark and apparently empty, but its forlorn front was deceptive. Inside the theatre was a million-dollar audience. The members of "Giant" had gathered to see the day's rushes.

It was a nightly ritual for the location troupe whose chores began at dawn and ended at dusk. No matter how grueling the day's work beneath the hot Texas sun, they eagerly turned out to study the results of their efforts.

On this particular evening, the last man in was Rock Hudson. As he strode swiftly down the aisle and found a seat close to the screen, a visiting reporter shook his head in disbelief. "Can it be?" he murmured. "Rock Hudson in a hurry to see rushes?"

"What's so unusual about that?" asked his (Continued on page 70)

HEP



This is the truth about Hollywood.

The facts about what really goes on in the town that has been branded "immoral!"

SEX AND SIN

BY ROBERT EMMETT

● Hollywood's sex and sin has been as spotlighted, during recent months, as its premieres, and with a public popularity that movie-makers wish would come as a result of a premiere!

Attack by innuendo and association has long been a stock in trade for those who would use star names for their own ends—and recently this type of attack has hurt. I have never heard a Hollywood personality defend the public actions of Ingrid Bergman in defying the morals and mores of society by having a child out of wedlock, or the raucous actions of an Edmund Purdom in pursuit of Linda Christian or the headlines that have followed Rita Hayworth through one marriage after another. Hollywood persons feel sorry for these individuals and look upon them and their "sins" as the actions of immature, unsuccessful human beings. Hollywood is as shocked as any other community would be when dirty linen is washed in public as it was when Jess Barker gave all the sordid details of life after the front door closed Susan Hayward and Jess away from the world.

For the most part when stars cause headlines with foolish actions, Hollywood feels the stars deserve all

the notoriety they get. But the upstanding citizens of the community are shocked beyond measure at the recent attacks on some of the stars who are found "sinful" in the public eye by mere association.

A lady of the night gave a list of male stars as "friends" way back in 1939 and, although it was never confirmed, the list is published as if these men had last week been pulling a Lady Godiva on Hollywood Boulevard. Every family skeleton has not only been rattled but its bones picked apart for public titillation. Clark Gable's ex-wife is paraded (his "sin" seems to have consisted of divorcing a woman older than he was some years ago), Kay Spreckels is attacked because she doesn't support a father who left her mother when she was two years old, Van Johnson's sin consists of not supporting a parent who deserted him when he was a child. Another star has a sister who has been treated for alcoholism. Still another used a name which wasn't hers to throw a brother with a juvenile delinquency record off the track—for fear blackmail would result.

Of course I don't mean (*Continued on page 74*)

Mitzi Gaynor is in "Anything Goes" and "The Birds and the Bees"; Jimmy Cagney is in "Tribute to a Bad Man"; Vic Damone is in "Kismet"; Jean Simmons, in "Guys and Dolls"; Stewart Granger, in "Bhowani Junction"; Jeff Chandler, in "The Spoilers"; Susan Hayward, in "I'll Cry Tomorrow".



"Sure we have wolves—what town doesn't?" says Mitzi. "But I met Jack (Bean) here!"



"In a meeting of 40 men, 37 were 20-year marrieds," says Jim Cagney, wed 30 years!



For Pier, Hollywood brought Vic Damone, forgetfulness of war-shadowed childhood

IN HOLLYWOOD



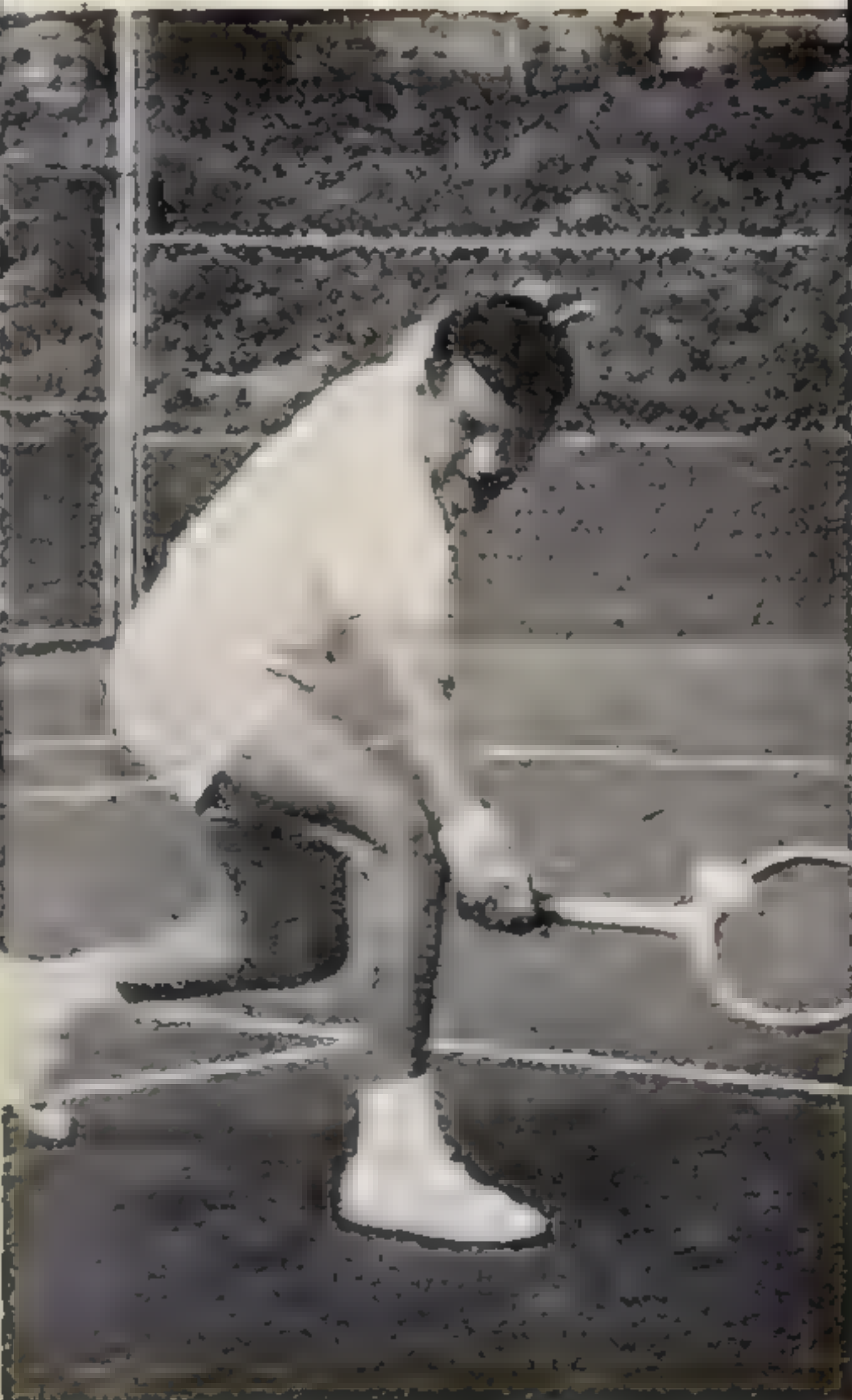
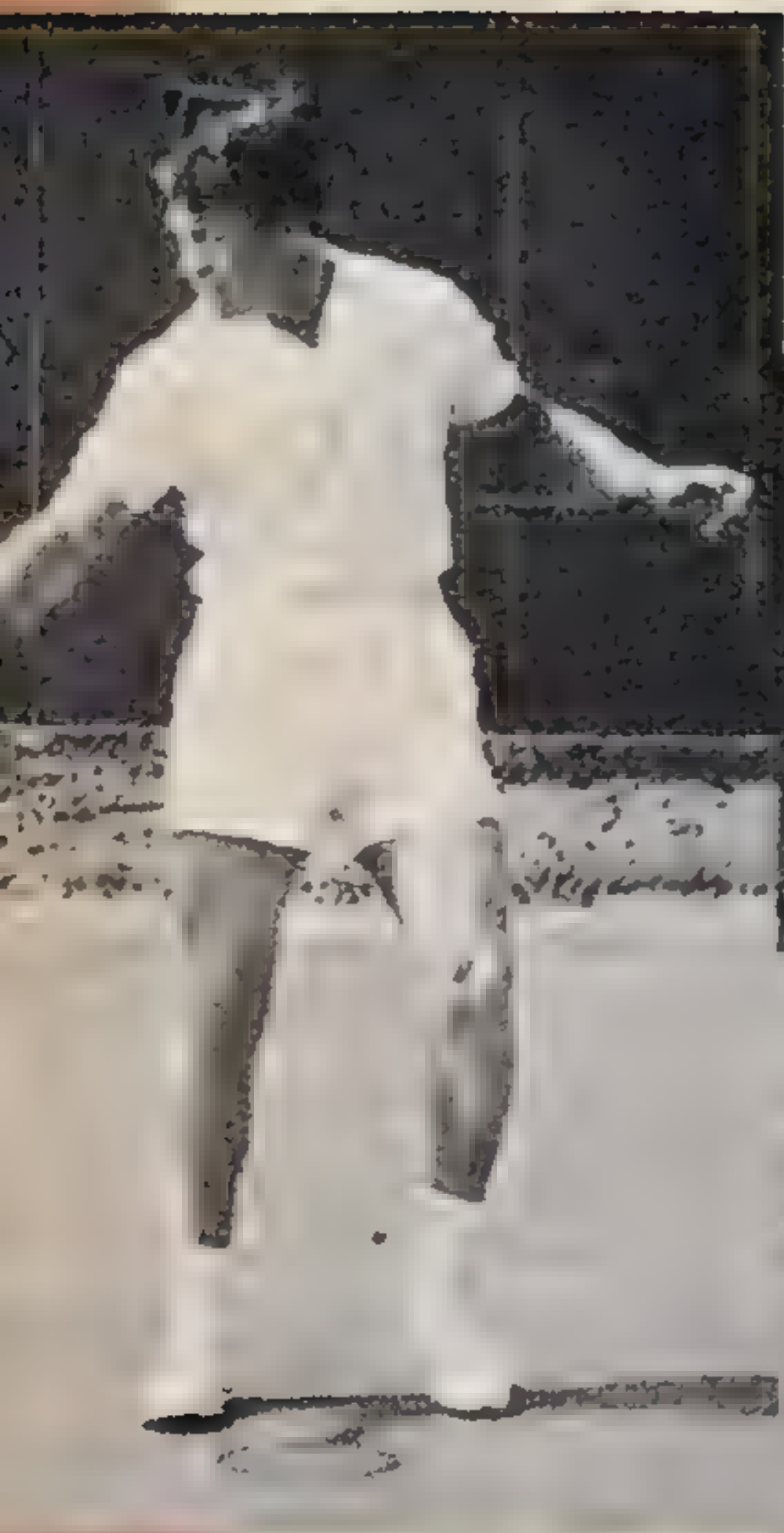
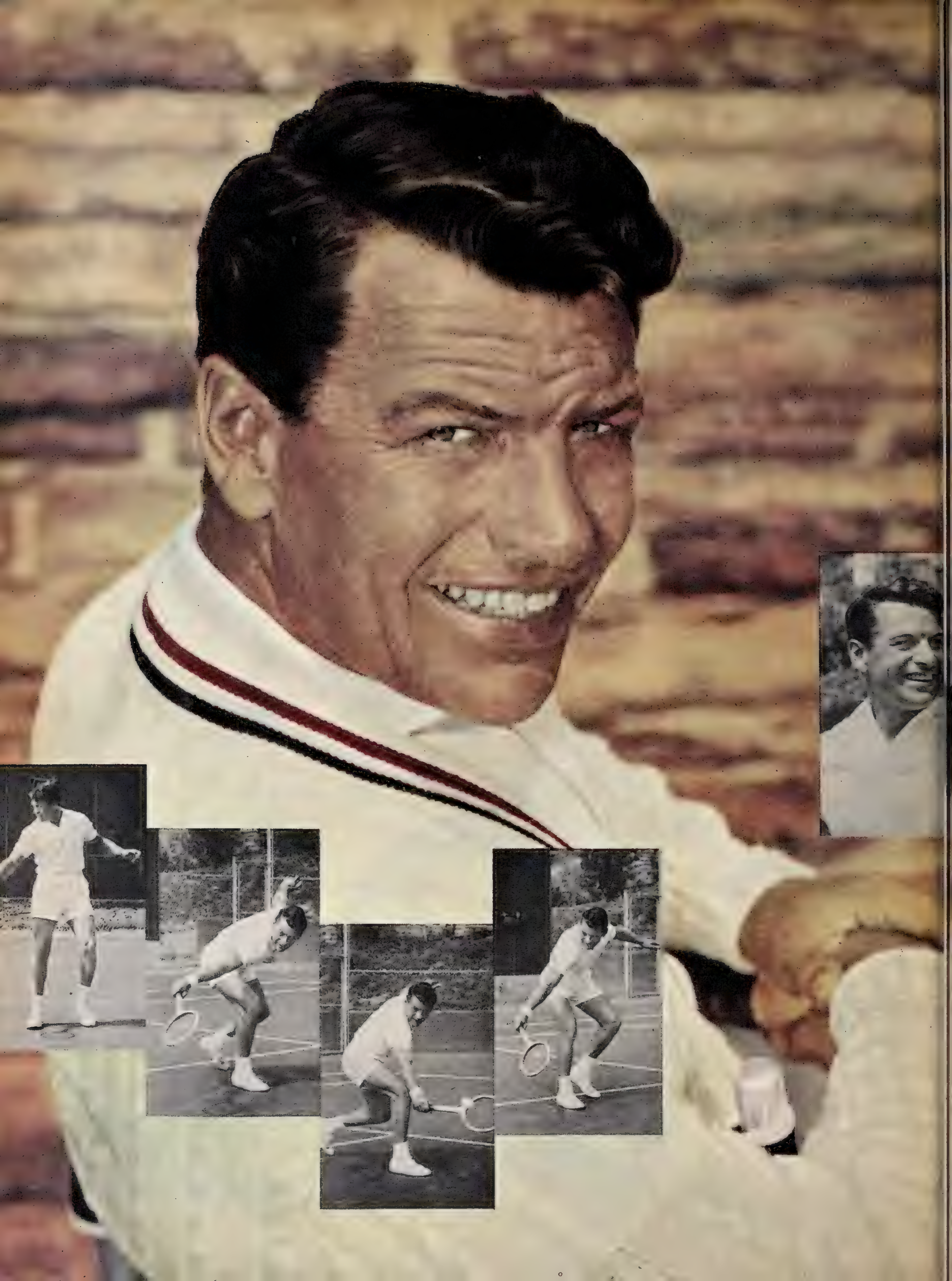
For 5 years, the Grangers have weathered rumor rifts, stayed happily marrieds-in-love



Jeff Chandler found freedom an empty word—hurried home to Marge and their children



Susan Hayward's love for her sons kept broken marriage together long before it ended



He charms the gals with his Irish grin, strict attention to his date. Right, with Pat Hardy, Dana Wynter. Dana's his co-star in "The View from Pompey's Head"



BY

DEE PHILLIPS

The Masculine Most- RICHARD EGAN

A conservative guy, this Rich. Until he steps on the set. Then the celluloid sizzles and the ladies melt!



Rich wants to marry but—"I'm sort of unhappy and quiet when I wake up!"—is afraid some of his habits would drive a woman mad. But according to the mounting fan mail, a lot of gals would like the chance to cheer him up!

● "He's got that animal fire," Jane Russell was explaining, stopping suddenly when a tall, well-built young man appeared on the set. Wearing a conservative blue suit, a neat white shirt and quiet tie, he looked more like a junior executive than a rising actor.

"Morning, Jane," he properly greeted his co-star, and, in order not to interrupt the conversation, took one of the canvas deck chairs in the far corner.

"Conservative, well-bred exterior—but an animal fire inside," Janie insisted, grinning affectionately at the object of her study.

"Just you wait. He's got that extra zing, the kind that zooms a leading man straight to the sacred celluloid circle of stardom. If you don't believe me, wait till you see him in 'Underwater!' Collecting her things, she rushed off to Make-up, yelling back over her shoulder, "And he's brainy, too!"

Jane's prediction came true. Dick sizzled, fans melted and a guy by the name of Rich Egan became one of Hollywood's hottest leading men. 20th signed him for two pictures a year on a seven-year contract. After sampling his mounting fan mail, they used his talents in four pictures the first year. It's as *Anson Page* in the long-awaited "View From Pompey's Head," that Rich Egan finally arrives. The arrival took five years of struggling and twenty-one flop pictures; it took thirty-five years of living. Nothing's been easy for Rich in his pursuit of an acting career, and maybe this is the root of his charm.

(Continued on page 86)



He loves tennis, poetry, sentimental songs



In Dr. Jim, Ann has found the right man—of her faith, gifted with humor, understanding

Ann Blyth is in "Kismet"



With Timmy's birth, memories of the mother whose love and faith helped a crippled child

"We have been blessed in so many ways," says Ann, dreaming of another baby on its way



HER Guardian Angel

KISSED HER

Ann Blyth didn't know it had happened until despair reached out for her. And Faith's gentle touch brought its miracle

BY MAXINE ARNOLD

● In a church in North Hollywood on New Year's Day a girl prays before the altar of the Blessed Mother, as she has prayed through the years before.

A candle burns—as unflickering as the faith of the lovely girl who lights it. A girl whose face is as gentle as a guardian angel's kiss, and whose faith is as enduring as all eternity.

The candle Ann Blyth lights this New Year's Day is in thanksgiving for the miracle of life. The miracle of motherhood which has again been granted her. For a wonderful marriage with the man who must have been intended for her.

In her warm voice, Ann Blyth will tell you, "Sometimes it's hard not to despair—so many things happen to us. But her candle of faith has burned steadily, a beacon for many of lesser heart to see. (Continued on page 81)



Robert
Mitchum:

THE MAN WHO



\$1,000,000 is the figure.

*But the stake, Bob says, is not money—
it's the honor and good name
of his family who are the real victims
of the attack against him*

BY DAVID ALBRIGHT

● A few months ago when Bob Mitchum was in London he was approached by a representative of an English newspaper syndicate. Would he, the man inquired, be interested in writing a series of short articles for them? The subject was to be Hollywood. And the payment would be ten thousand dollars.

Bob was definitely interested, and he said so. He is an excellent writer; his stories have appeared in national magazines. And Hollywood, as everyone knows, is his bailiwick. On top of that, ten thou-

DARED TO SUE

Bob Mitchum is also in "Man with the Gun"



Bob formed own company so he'll have more time with Dorothy, Chris, Jim, Petrine

sand dollars is a very interesting sum of money. Even to a guy in Bob's income bracket.

The newspaperman then began to outline just what kind of stories he wanted.

"We're looking for the real inside stuff," he said with a wink and a leer. "And no punches pulled. We want the low-down on all the viciousness and depravity that goes on behind the scenes in Hollywood."

For a moment Bob couldn't believe his ears. He was speechless with shock and

amazement. Then he exclaimed, "This is incredible! You've just got to be joking!"

"Oh, no," the man said. "I'm perfectly serious. What we want is a series of quite spicy articles. Real shockers. And we think you're just the man to write them for us."

Bob took a deep breath while he counted to ten. Then he stood up. He walked to the door and opened it.

"I think you'd better leave, Buster," Bob told him, keeping his voice as calm as he could. "And if you're smart you'll move fast. Before (Continued on page 76)



At press conference in Sweden where he and co-star Genevieve Page filmed "Foreign Intrigue"



A self-styled cynic—but Bob's reduced to abject slavery by a pat of his baby daughter's chubby hand. Below, with Dorothy





DIG THIS CRAZY

In PTA circles, Betty's known as Mrs. Larry Parks, mother of two sons Gary and Andy. Betty used to zoom around on a motorcycle. "But when the kids got bigger, it didn't seem so darned dignified!" says irrepressible Betty

Betty Garrett co-stars in "My Sister Eileen"



BY PHILIP CHAPMAN

● In one of the final scenes in the gay musical version of "My Sister Eileen," the talented gal who plays *Ruth*, Betty Garrett, wanders down to interview the crew of a Brazilian training ship and ends up getting chased over half of Manhattan by 125 full-blooded, non-English-speaking cadets.

Believe it or not—and it could only happen to Betty—the scene didn't have to be faked. It happened. A few months ago, when Betty and the rest of the Columbia crew were knocking themselves out to finish the picture, what should turn up in Los Angeles harbor but the *N. E. Almirante Saldanha*, the actual ship mentioned in the story—and the only training ship of the Brazilian Navy.

Dragging Betty along with a van of equipment, Columbia's production crew hastened to San Pedro

and immediately started work on trying to make the cadets of the *Almirante Saldanha* understand what was expected of them.

One young lieutenant, who knew some English, listened with a puzzled scowl while it was explained to him that, on signal, all of his crew were to start running like mad down the pier. He didn't really dig the instructions until Betty, in a red and white dress and a perky little hat, was trotted out before him and identified as the object of the chase. Then the porcelain wonder of a Brazilian smile flashed across his face and he turned to deliver a torrent of Portuguese to the assembled men. They gave a loud roar of approval.

"Roll 'em," called the director frantically, and, to Betty, "Go, girl!" (Continued on page 79)

*After ten years of marriage,
deep understanding and love*

*Andy's an imp according to Betty
—"but the big one's the boss!"*

*"Our boys will never be the losers
because of our careers"*



RHYTHM GIRL



Meet Betty Garrett—

*sensible when she should be,
but mostly full of beans
and more fun than a barrel
of slightly zany monkeys*

THIS BILL'S OVERDUE



Bill met wife Judy, a beauty, on blind date. "She sure blinded me!"



Bill's lovin' fan mail doesn't make Judy jealous. "They want him, but I have him"



Dad wanted him to be a lawyer; movie-fan Mom said no!

Cocky, assured Bill

Campbell always knew he'd

make good. But what

makes this guy different

—you're glad he did!

BY RADIE HARRIS

● "I don't want to build my career on being a weird character. It's much harder work than being normal. I want to be myself because I want to play every type role—hero and villain, pauper and prince, soldier and priest. The payoff is as good and more gratifying in the long run."

It was William Campbell talking, U-I's new contract player and the answer to many movie fans' prayer for a new face. Bill's face is distinctly his own—more character than handsomeness. He broke his nose twice—once in a fall, once when he was hit with a hockey stick.

Bill's a "Newark kid," who always knew he'd make good, even if the kids on his block didn't. When he first crossed the Holland Tunnel to enroll in a drama school, the gang would hoot at him as he went by: "Here comes Gregory Peck! Hey, Greg, whatcha doin' walkin' to work? Where's your limousine?"

Bill would just grin back: "Okay, fellows. You're laughing now, but I'll have the last laugh when I arrive in my new Cadillac and you're still hitching rides!"

His father didn't want him to be an actor. He had worked hard all his life as foreman of the City Water Department, an unexciting but dependable job. At (Continued on page 68)



Bill Campbell is
in "Running Wild"



His cocky scene-stealing had veteran star Spencer Tracy popeyed!



He's grateful to big name stars who gave him breaks

THE LADY IS

Joan Collins will appear next in "Boy on a Dolphin"



DANGEROUS

● Joan Collins lifted both her hands to her head and unpinned her hat. She did not snatch it off as most American girls are likely to do. She raised it carefully and just as carefully set it down on a table in her Ambassador hotel suite. She did not have to stop to comb her hair. She knew it was in order.

The hat itself was a conversation piece. Formed entirely of white coq feathers, it sat forward on her head, with wisps of feather exactly following the line of her own dark brown bangs. "I bought it to wear in New York," she confided. "I like mad hats when I'm in a city."

Wearing a hat—and a handsome one—was the first indication this amazingly poised twenty-two-year-old had given considerable thought to her first big meet-the-press trip under 20th Century-Fox auspices. It is a trip which, for a young actress, holds all the strain of final examinations—and, if she is lucky, all the fun of a senior prom.

The fun is in the whirl to the theatre and night clubs. Here, Joan had a number of eager escorts. Although her interest in actor Sydney Chaplin reportedly ended before she left Hollywood, New York friends were on hand to take her to the top of the Empire State building, to the jazz spots in Greenwich Village, to the best plays on Broadway and to all the glittering supper clubs. And one exceedingly eligible young man—Arthur Loew, jr.—followed her to New York to squire her around town and take her to the plane when she left for London.

The strain comes when reporters question a rising star, observe her, judge her. It can be a devastating scrutiny.

Joan came into New York with a build-up. Daughter of Will Collins, an English vaudeville booker, she had played in ten British films, usually cast as a juvenile delinquent. In the United States, she had played siren roles in *(Continued on page 66)*



Telephoning home to England, family thought she'd lost her English accent!

*Joan Collins learned her
ABC's in the best schools.
But no teacher had to
tell her—how
to start a fire!*

BY HELEN BOLSTAD

Until her divorce, Joan won't discuss romance. Here, with Syd Chaplin in their film "Land of the Pharaohs"



Joan's looks, manners charmed Evelyn Nesbit, whose role Joan plays in "The Girl in the Red Velvet Swing"





No one can make a good life for himself if he keeps on denying his real self. That's what lots of young people do—until they turn into sour old people who have never found the right path. That's why Burt Lancaster is saying,

“Don't run from yourself”

● Burt Lancaster came out from the stage entrance of the tawdry old Cirque d'Hiver, where “Trapeze” was shooting, into the exquisite orchid twilight of Paris in the early evening.

The crowd, which had been filling up ever since the day's work had begun at noon, moved quietly forward until it saw the children hanging to Burt's big hands—two little boys on one side, two little girls on the other. Then the crowd and the couple of smiling gendarmes cheered. This was a sight that appealed to the French love of family and drama, this very tall, slim-hipped man surrounded by four miniature duplicates of him.

In response to the cheers, Burt stopped and grinned. The children, however, paid no attention. The small Lancasters were used to the crowd at the Cirque d'Hiver (Continued on page 84)

BY RUTH WATERBURY



Ex-acrobat Burt didn't need a double for stunts in “Trapeze.” Above, in Paris circus parade with co-stars Tony Curtis, Katy Jurado, Gina Lollobrigida



Burt's taken family on four location trips. Right, Billy, Jimmy, Susan, Joanna, young friend, wife Norma, on “Trapeze” set. “I hope each one of my brood will grow up with sense enough to check up on himself

Burt Lancaster is also in “The Rose Tattoo”



What JEANNIE Dreams, She Gets!

Jeanne Crain is in "Gentlemen Marry Brunettes" and "The Second Greatest Sex"

*Well-meaning advice
almost upset their
happy home—until
Paul stepped in and
put Jeanne back on
her dreamy course!*





With Paul, Paul jr., Jeanine, Mike and Timmy. Life with Prince Charming always included four children



When she realized her dream image of herself didn't match her looks—Jeanne changed from sweet to sexy!

Wake up to reality, friends warned. But the only time she did, she got in trouble!

BY ADELAIDE PARMETER

● Jeanne Crain, as a child, had such a faraway look in her eye, her mother once said: "I pray for the wisdom to guide her. She's so introspective, it's hard to understand her."

Jeanne was the daughter who sat in a corner with a book. She was the quiet one. "I was a dreamer," Jeanne says. And she adds, "I still am."

Today, pointing to her beauty, her fame, her happiness as a wife and mother in the Brinkman hilltop home, there are those who vow that Jeanne Crain was born with Aladdin's lamp clutched in one small fist and a full set of instructions on the art of successful wishing in the other. "Sure, she was slow getting started," grins one friend. "But that's probably because she didn't learn to read until she

reached the elderly age of three years."

It was when she was seventeen that 20th Century-Fox executives saw her magic quality and the cameras captured it. "We worshipped the kid," says one of her former co-workers. "You could tell right off that she was a dreamer, and we were a little afraid for her."

"Life has a way of bringing everyone down to earth through failures and disappointments at some time or another. Sometimes disillusionment, if it's great, can be permanent. That can do terrible things to a person."

"We didn't want to see the stars go out of Jeanne's eyes. To the day she left the studio, everyone watched over her as if she were a daughter or kid sister. I guess we were overly protective. We sheltered her too closely."

"Now we know that we needn't have worried. But it took us a long time to discover something that Jeanne, herself, had learned in the process of growing up. She'd learned to be a practical dreamer."

A practical dreamer, as personified by Jeanne Crain, is a doer as well. "Everyone dreams," she'll tell you. "If you don't carry it too far, it's a gift. But the trick is to settle down to being practical."

As a student, Jeanne was the scholar, the shy one. She attended St. Mary's Academy where, academically, she led her class. In her make-believe social world, she was the most popular girl in school. Yet each morning when the bell rang for class, she found herself sneaking glances at reality. Surrounded

Continued



On the beach at Laguna with Paul and the four children. "Too many of us never give ourselves the time to enjoy the fun of being a family"

Jeanne smiles when people say things have come easily to her. Being a good wife and mother requires more than just wishful dreaming!



When Jeanne first told Paul she wanted four children, he'd wondered how in the world she'd manage. "I'd just do the best I could," she'd said, serenely. "Like most mothers of four do!"



What JEANNE Dreams, She Gets!

Continued

by her classmates, she was still alone.

She did well at studying books. "Why not people?" she asked herself. The popular girls, she noted, were never glum or distant. They never edged away from the crowd. She noticed how easily their laughter came. "It isn't so hard to smile," Jeanne concluded. She discovered that a smile is always returned to you, as is a friendly word.

She'd been elected president of the student body and she'd had the lead in the school play when the blow fell. Her father was a teacher at Inglewood High and he, too, had a dream. He wanted his daughters to finish their schooling there.

The matter had come up several years before because of a problem of finances. But, at the time, Jeanne had vowed she'd try for a scholarship at St. Mary's and she'd won one.

Now she was to be a senior and the transfer couldn't be postponed. She'd have to leave her friends at St. Mary's

to spend her last school year among strangers.

In the beginning at Inglewood High, she said little, but the girls seemed to like her. She wore no make-up, but the boys apparently didn't mind. The day in the school auditorium when she heard her name called as a candidate for grid queen—honor among all honors—Jeanne Crain did not walk home. She drifted on Cloud Number Seven.

There was nothing the dreamer could do except hope. Jeanne's campaign managers, her sister and her beau, took it from there. It seemed that everywhere Jeanne looked there were signs, "Jeanne for Queen," "Let Crain Reign." There were speeches by the varied members of the Crain party. The competition was mighty.

After school the afternoon the votes were to be counted, Jeanne went home to await the results. Hours dragged by before she glanced out the window and saw Rita, her sister, and her boy friend

coming up the walk. They were whispering and she could tell nothing from their faces until they came into the living room. Rita and chum looked sad. "It's all right," Jeanne told them. "It wasn't your fault. I had the best campaign managers a candidate ever had."

The noble speech sent the managers' senses-of-humor out the window. "Jeanne, we're being mean. We thought it'd be funny," Rita gave her a hug. "We're just pretending. *You won. You're grid queen!*"

"Believing in dreams come true is a sort of direct faith that children have," says Jeanne today. "You can rarely explain just how you know some things are going to happen, yet if you believe strongly enough . . ."

It was almost time for the senior prom and she desperately wanted a new dress. "I'd just gotten a lovely one for a piano recital," she remembers. "But it seemed so immature looking. I wanted a different (*Continued on page 87*)



When Jeanne first met Paul, she wasn't impressed. He seemed too suave and sophisticated. Much later she discovered he'd only been putting up a front!



EDITOR'S NOTE:

The letter and poem published here represent the sentiment of all of us who feel the loss of one of the screen's brightest young stars. Jimmy Dean had extraordinary talents. The real tragedy of his death is that this boy, so dedicated to his career, will never know how greatly he was loved by the people he never knew.

Evelyn Hunt of Woodstock, Vermont, is an English teacher who, for many years, has found through movies "an escape from a strenuous schedule. . . . For me," she says, "a good film is a release and a rest." Upon hearing of James Dean's death, Miss Hunt was profoundly shocked, and her sympathetic and heartfelt concern is mirrored in the following portion of her letter, which accompanied her elegy to James Dean:

"No one else's death has ever affected me in quite the same way. . . . He possessed such abundant life, an appreciation



of so many things, and an unequaled genius for acting for one so young. All that day I kept thinking, he can't be dead. There must be some spark of life left that someone, some surgeon could keep alive. He had the most beautiful hands I ever saw.

"At four o'clock in the morning I got up to write the first of the lines I am enclosing. After a few hours' sleep I finished the poem that same morning.

". . . . I saw James Dean only in 'East of Eden,' though I had looked forward to seeing him act for the rest of my life.

If I have called him 'the unacclaimed,' it is because however much he achieved for his years, he had so incredibly much more to achieve. I do not know how many years I have left, but I know I would give half of them to give James Dean back to the world, if that were possible, and a world he must have loved back to James Dean.

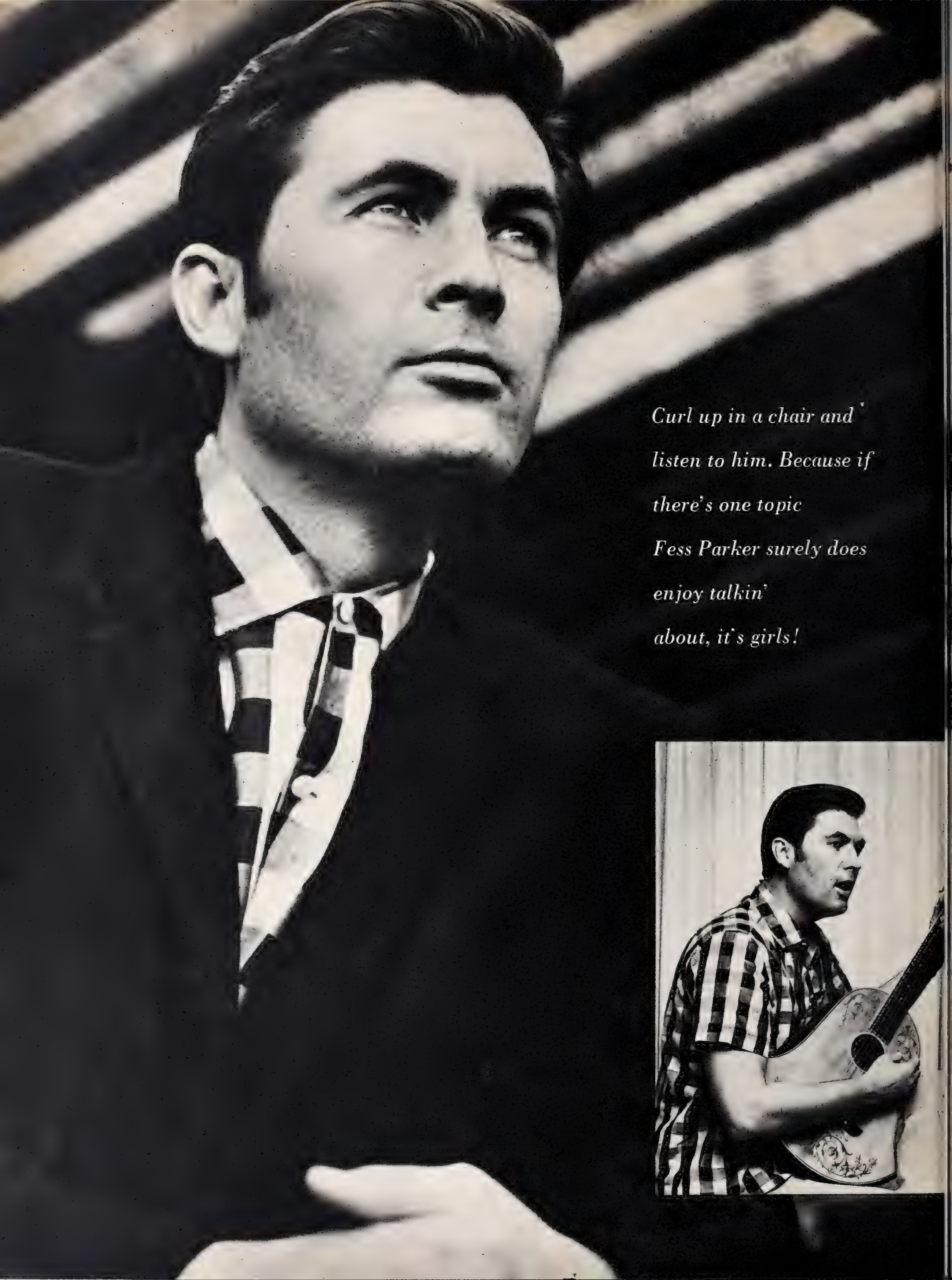
"The lines I am sending you may have no value and no meaning to anyone but me. On the other hand, perhaps they might possess some significance for someone who loved him. I don't know. People forget so soon, so much too soon."



To James Dean

They tell me you are dead, yet I cannot
This night believe the unbelievable;
The restless beauty of your mind and heart
Will not be quenched within the shallow grave.
Your hands that moved caressing weightless things,
As beautiful as music to the soul;
The smile that probed the memory with pain
Of much remembered and of more foregone;
Your eyes that looked upon a mocking world,
Their laughter misted with uncertainty,
That could so love and hate and then forgive—
Beyond the barriers of time and space
Must have their measure in Eternity.
Your guileless grace will here no more be seen;
No tears can recreate the lifeless clay;
Yet if your body but a spark retained
That love could fan to flame, my years I'd give
That you might walk the lovely earth again,
The valiant and the free—the unacclaimed.
The wind will scatter golden coins of leaves
Across your grave. But where are you? Oh, where?

EVELYN H. HUNT



*Curl up in a chair and
listen to him. Because if
there's one topic
Fess Parker surely does
enjoy talkin'
about, it's girls!*



DATE BAIT for a guy like me"

Fess Parker is in "The Great Locomotive Chase"



Burl Ives contest decided Fess—he had to learn to play the guitar



"A girl would surely have to be able to cook!" Now that Fess' . . .

. . . parents are visiting him, he's catching up on Mom's fried pies

● Fess Parker folded his towering frame into a chair, hooked his new heels onto a handy table edge and leaned back prepared to do some talking—which is one of his pleasures.

"Got me a new pair of boots," he explained, "for this new picture I'm makin', 'The Great Locomotive Chase.' In this one I'm going to do some runnin' around on the tops of trains, so I got to get these new boots ready and broken in soon as I can." He stopped suddenly.

"Yes, sir, I surely do a lot of talkin'. That's one thing I'm really fond of."

And when the topic is girls, well, Fess acts like it's a pure delight.

"What kind of girls do I like?" Fess scratched the back of an ear reflectively. "Well now, that's a mighty good question. I've been studyin' young ladies ever since I was old enough to carry a hoe, but I never did try to narrow it down and put them into types or groups.

There are so many different kinds, and all of them purely wonderful.

"You remember that poet lady who used to say, 'A rose is a rose is a rose'? Well, that's about the way I feel. To me, a girl is a girl is a girl. And the fact that she is a girl is what makes the whole thing a very satisfactory arrangement. But when I ask a girl for a date, I do have some preferences."

His grin spread from the corners of his mouth up into his green eyes.

"For one thing," Fess said, "I like a girl with a lively personality and a zest for living. One with some get-up-and-go. The kind who's interested in lots of things and all kinds of people.

"I'm partial to the outdoor type of girl. Natural beauty impresses me. And I'm a great appreciator of the healthy glow. But this doesn't mean that she'd have to be a whizz at sports. Just enjoying them would be enough. And being (Continued on page 72)

ment. Then she bought a sleek black Olds convertible and found the romance she'd been seeking with Gene Nelson. If there remains a heart's desire to be fulfilled, Piper would like to go on an automobile tour through Europe in 1956. She doesn't mention making it a honeymoon trip—but husbands make nice traveling companions, Piper!

Roz Russell makes a red-letter wish that's a carry-over from last year. Roz is one of the happiest gals in town. But she's been worried to a frazzle about her best chum, Loretta Young. So all her prayers are for Loretta: "Get completely well, stay completely well and never frighten us like that again." Already part of Roz' wish has come true and we know the rest of Loretta's many friends join her in praying that the frightening days are over for good.

Since her marriage to Ted Briskin, Colleen Miller has been making her home in Chicago. She's still under contract to U-I, however, and must report there whenever called. So Colleen's wishing that some bright airline will put a supersonic jet into operation which would span the two thousand miles in commuting time!

Three wishes has Anne Francis. "To complete the adjustment to living alone and liking it. To steer clear of a possible rebound romance. To be blessed with enough luck and wisdom to combine a thriving career with a happy marriage when the real thing comes along again." With that kind of thinking, how could Anne *not* get her wish!

Sultry Joan Collins has just one wish: "To see Paris, to see Paris, to see Paris again!" You can say that over again, Joan. Who wouldn't?

WISHING ON A NEW YEAR'S STAR

Continued from page 26

Mitzi Gaynor has no complaints about the old year—for that's when her every wish came true. Her first year of marriage to Jack Bean has been blissfully happy; his public relations business zoomed and Mitzi's career, which had been a bit shaky, hit a new high. So what's left to wish for? On a serious note, Mitzi says: "I wish for a better understanding of people and their problems. I'm going to try my utmost to put other people's considerations before my own. And, natch, I wish to become a better and better wife, too." That last wish, according to Jack, keeps coming true every day.

Sexy, Swedish Anita Ekberg could ask for any-

thing and some handsome admirer would try to get it for her. Anita's had every eligible gent of two continents vying for her favor. But what Anita wants—is to be as popular with women as she is with men! When she went to Rome to make "War and Peace" last summer, Anita was warmly welcomed by the masculine contingent. But the chilly reception she got from the distaff side would have turned Vesuvius into an iceberg! Well, Anita, what you've got would turn any woman green, but if Monroe could do it, why not you?

Liliane Montevecchi, who was discovered while dancing in the "Ballets de Paris," is thrilled with her M-G-M contract, her role in "Meet Me in Vegas" in Hollywood, and would love all of us to know it. But Liliane's command of the English language is limited. So her wish (translated from French) is "to learn to speak the English better. I have so much to say to everyone I meet, but I never get a word in because I don't know how to communicate with people." With the studio's best teachers on hand to help, it's a cinch Liliane's wish will become a reality.

Tony Curtis' dream for 1956 is a one-man exhibition of his paintings. But the wish in the hearts of both Tony and wife Janet Leigh is that everyone will stop predicting their marriage won't last.

Jean Simmons, on the other hand, hopes that 1956 will be the year in which she and hubby Stewart Granger can stay home together—all three-hundred and sixty-six days of it. She was the loneliest girl in town when Stewart was in Pakistan for "Bhowani Junction" this year and she feels they've had enough enforced separations to last them forever.

Marlon Brando has been screaming his wish to high heaven! And that's for magazines to stop writing about him. Says he's tired of reading about "What Makes Brando Tick?" or "The Real Marlon Brando." Even his analyst hasn't found that out yet—so how would any reporter know? asks Marlon. Sorry, boy, but as long as you continue to be boxoffice—and provocative copy, there's little chance for your wish to come true.

Deborah Kerr doesn't expect to get her wish, but she's making it anyway—more time to spend with her family. She doesn't know how she'll manage it because her career is zooming and she's happiest when she's working. But she loves her family, too. It's a problem a lot of working wives and mothers have to face. That's why Deb's making an extra wish—that she'll never let either her career or her family down.

Big dreams, little dreams, winging their way to that New Year Star. And maybe some won't become reality right away. But if anyone doubts that wishes do come true, remember Debbie Reynolds. She waited over a year—but the wishing star didn't fail her. So, keep that dream in your heart. It could be this is your Year!

LIVING WITH

YOUNG IDEAS

PHOTOPLAY STAR FASHIONS



pin-money fashions hits—all under \$18

How much does it cost to dress like a star? No more than the least expensive dress that becomes you. You're sure to charm in Barbara Nichols' dress of silkened acetate, splashed with dots and crisped with white linen. Bodice is snug, with fullness below. Sizes 5-15. Jonathan Logan. **\$17.95**

A penny saved—by Lois Smith—for more small-change fashions like this. A high-buttoned white linen-like detachable dickey is in bright contrast to the bold red and green Galey & Lord gingham plaid. The floating skirt bells from a deep V'd bodice. Sizes 7-15. By Joan Miller. **\$12.95**

Big satisfaction for small-money pockets, this favorite of Joan Collins. A scooped, black pencil sheath covered up here with its cut-short checked jacket. White linen-weave collar, cuffs, a velvet bow polish it off. All in wearable silk and cotton. Sizes 5-15. By Kay Junior. **\$14.95**

For stores near you, see page 88

YOUNG IDEAS:

PHOTOPLAY STAR FASHIONS

Lois Smith's news: a dress that looks like separates, with smooth bodice shaped like a waistcoat and poised over a whistle-slick skirt. It's brightened by its own accessory idea—a giant dotted silk tie and sleeve-kerchief. Black, charcoal, green linen-look cotton. Sizes 5-15. By Jackie Nimble. **\$17.95**

Well above the average in looks, but not in price—Joan Collins' silk date dress, a midseason stopper. Shoulder-tied, gathered camisole top is sleek through the middle making the most of a neat little waist. The print, diamond-dotted stylized stripes of green and blue. Sizes 5-15. By Gilden Junior. **\$17.95**

HOLLYWOOD'S LOIS SMITH IS NOW STARRING IN THE
BROADWAY HIT, "THE YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL"

JOAN COLLINS IS IN "THE GIRL IN THE RED VELVET SWING," 20TH
BARBARA NICHOLS PLAYS IN "MIRACLE IN THE RAIN," WARNERS



pin-money fashion hits

continued

A small financial figure buys this pencil sheath in striped linen-weave rayon. It might be the most exciting dress you own considering the boat neckline, the brilliant yellow scarf wound Empire-style. In keeping with the line—Joan Collins' exciting new fringed hairdo. Dress, 7-15. Sue Brett. **\$14.95**

Good taste at a young price, sure-fire fashion in Springmaid's Dazzle cotton with squared-away neckline, a billowing skirt. Here, a new color, melon. Its elasticized leopard print belt with giant brassy buckle is itself a major investment in Barbara Nichols' wardrobe. Sizes 7-15. Mindy Ross. **\$10.95**

For stores nearest you, turn to page 88

*Beautiful buys
for the budget-minded—
to wear from now on*

FASHION PHOTOGRAPHS BY
BERT AND STAN ROCKFIELD



PHOTOPLAY STAR FASHIONS



Left, major investment at a minor price: a cover-up dress in leaf-printed cotton. It's quite danceable with twirling skirt underscoring a longish, bared bodice. Barbara Nichols adds the cropped linen-look mandarin jacket for day. Avocado, turquoise, rose with white. 5-15. Mindy Ross. **\$12.95**

Below, Lois Smith's insurance for a budget-conscious wardrobe—a sleeveless princess dress, hugging the midriff, then bellling into a free-swinging skirt. Polka-dotted satin cotton bow and cuffs light the trim little jacket. Peacock, gold, wine iridescent chambray. Sizes 7-15. Betty Barclay. **\$10.95**

For stores near you, see page 88

pin-money
fashion hits

continued

PHOTOPLAY'S PATTERN OF THE MONTH



ADVANCE PATTERN
NO. 6669—25¢

little time, little money for a quick-sew blouse

● You'll boost your winter morale, subtract next to nothing from your fashion budget with this blouse, right for all kinds of wear, easy to make in an evening—one major pattern piece, two minor pieces for collar and tie. Choose any fabric from striped cotton (as figures, top) to silk to worsted jersey. Body of blouse is cut and dart-fitted to hug the waist. Striped fabric is

worked vertically at front, diagonally over shoulder to form chevrons at center back seam. Add the tiny stand-up collar to the high round neckline and you're ready with a real wardrobe refresher. Sizes 12-18. Size 16 (28-inch waist, 37 hip) takes $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards of 35-inch fabric, $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 44-inch, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 54-inch. Pattern includes illustrated instructions for cutting and making.

To order your Pattern of the Month, send 25¢ in coin, with pattern number and size, to Advance Pattern Company, Dept. P, P.O. Box 21, Murray Hill Station, New York 16, New York



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YOUNG IDEAS:
SOCIAL PROBLEM



*Is "butterfly dating" best? Or are
the steady-daters wiser? Terry has her own
ideas about this popular problem*

should a girl go steady?

BY TERRY MOORE

● When the letter came from PHOTOPLAY's Editor asking me to discuss the pros and cons of teenagers' "going steady," I was, by a curious coincidence, discussing that very subject with my cousin, a beautiful and musically talented college student. She had been going steady—who ever first thought of that ugly way to phrase it?—with a boy who has gone off for a two-year stay as a foreign missionary. It's my cousin's feeling that she should not date in college during this year. I don't agree at all. "Two years is a long, long time," I told her. "What if you find, at its end, that your feelings for him have changed? Or what if he decides that he feels differently about you? He will be out in the world, experiencing many things, growing up much faster than you in college. At your age, twelve months can bring amazing changes in your life. You'll miss a lot of fun and fellowship, too, if you refuse to date other boys. You'll miss a chance to broaden your interests, to learn about people. But most of all, you'll miss an opportunity to learn how to get along with a wide variety of boys. For social dating at your age is a time when you are learning to deal successfully with the courtship and engagement period that comes later." My cousin didn't agree. And, of

course, that is her privilege and I did not press it.

And I'm certain that the majority of teenagers won't agree with me, either, when I tell them, right off, that I don't believe in steady dating at the beginning of the social dating period. From what I gather—up to fifty per cent of high-school students around the country (so a psychologist tells me) are today *going steady* or are hoping to do so as soon as possible.

My opinion about steady dating hasn't changed just because my teen years are behind me. For even when I was a student at Glendale High in Los Angeles I decided that pairing off and going exclusively with one boy was for the birds. I remember very vividly that I tried it twice—once with the high-school football hero. When he finally asked me for a date one afternoon at our malt shop hangout, I was so carried away that I couldn't finish my mile-high banana split. After three or four wonderful dates came the \$64 question: "Would I go steady with him?"

Would I? There was as much chance of me saying no as there was of the moon falling from the heavens.

During the next two (*Continued on page 78*)

what's spinning?

BY CHRIS DAGGETT



News in high-fidelity sound: Columbia's three-speed, completely automatic portable phonograph. More news: "His" or "Hers" versions in charcoal or pink leather-tone finishes. \$59.95. Try it out on Columbia's Album of the Month, "Saturday Night Mood," a great collection of dance party music

With holiday time here once more and sounds of "Hail, Hail, the gang's all here" mingling with "Adeste Fideles," we should stop to consider the fact that records are an ideal gift for Christmas, or as a house present when you go home to the folks. Anyone would love to have Mahalia Jackson's (the world's greatest gospel singer) new album for Columbia entitled "Sweet Little Jesus Boy." We have never heard "Silent Night" sung like this.

For the musical young man in your life or the girl who is just crazy about progressive jazz, a recording of "Laurindo Almeida Quartet." Along with Laurindo on guitar, Bud Shank really moves on his alto sax, with Harry Babasin on bass and Roy Harte on drums to round out the bill. This is a terrific album portraying native Brazilian music combined with American jazz forms. It proves to be an unusual excursion into modern sounds, on Pacific Jazz label.

The trend in modern jazz has been toward East Coast jazz. The experts believe jazz from the West Coast is too abstract while jazz from the East Coast is more emotional, thus getting the feeling of the music across much better. However, we have found an album called "The Swinging Mr. Rogers" on Atlantic label, which proves that West Coast jazz can have as much emotion.

For a new way to look at a winter record party, Lois Smith chooses checked gingham, pink and white and ruffled with lace. First shaped to the torso, then flowing into motion below. Junior, misses sizes. R & K Originals. \$19.95

if not more, packed into one 12" LP than has been heard in a long time. Shorty Rogers and his Giants play such selections as "Isn't It Romantic," "Michele's Meditation," "Trickleydiddleo," "Oh Play That Thing," "Not Really the Blues" and "My Heart Stood Still."

Since progressive jazz has been accepted, the singers to come out in that field have been terrific. One of the products to evolve has been Bobby Troup. If you listen closely to his newest album entitled simply "Bobby Troup," you will suddenly realize how his voice blends into the music, sounding just as if it were another instrument. On the Liberty label, Bobby sings such selections as "My Funny Valentine," "Thou Swell," "I've Got a Crush on You," "Old Devil Moon," "They Didn't Believe Me" and "Yes Sir That's My Baby."

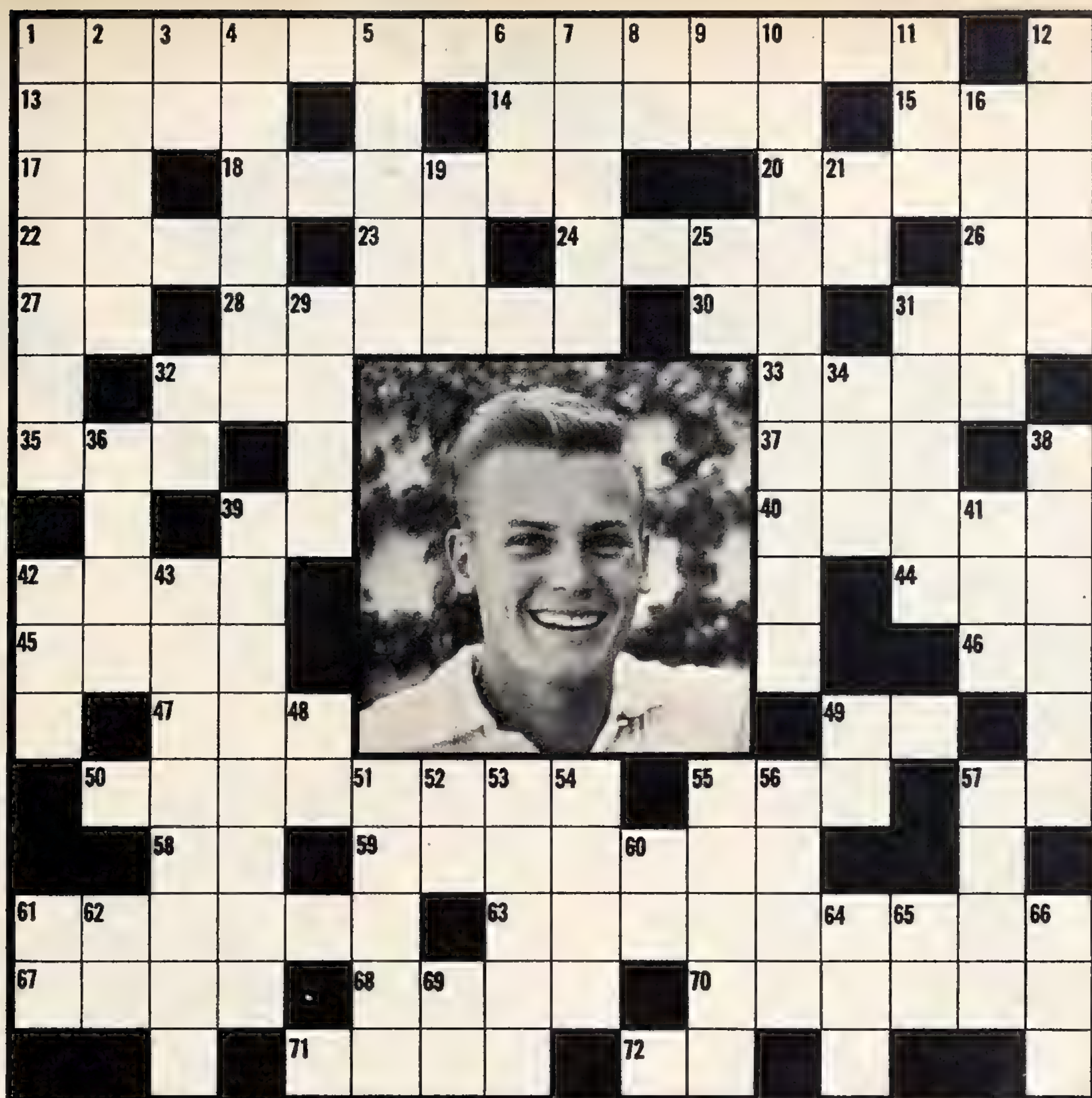
For your favorite bands, the companies have complete selections of instrumental music. On the Coral label, Lawrence Welk plays his "Champagne Music" just as he does on his radio show every week. The album includes "Sunrise Serenade," "Autumn Nocturne," "Moonlight Cocktail," "Stars in My Eyes," "The Waltz You Saved for Me," "The Champagne Waltz," "A Blues Serenade" and "Twilight Time."

"An Evening with the George Shearing Quintet" on the MGM label has us feeling dreamy from hearing the great music George Shearing produces every time. "I'll Remember April," "Body and Soul," "Little White Lies," "The Breeze and I," "Symphony Sid," "Roses of Picardy" and "The Continental" are a few of the selections he offers for your musical enjoyment.

June Valli has an album out for RCA Victor called "The Torch." In it she sings, as only she can, 12 typical torch songs such as "I've Got It Bad and That Ain't Good," "You've Got Me Cryin' Again," "Can't Help Lovin' Dat Man" and others.

Sarah Vaughn, on EmArcy label, sings "Lullaby of Birdland," "He's My Guy," "Embraceable You," "September Song," "April in Paris," "Jim, You're Not the Kind" and "It's Crazy." She is accompanied by Clifford Brown on the trumpet, Paul Quinichette on tenor sax, Herbie Mann on flute, Jimmy Jones on piano, Joe Benjmin on bass, and R. Haynes on drums.

For Father or Mother a terrific album has just been released on Decca, called "The Best of the Ink Spots." All the songs the Ink Spots made famous are packed into one album. Ask them if they remember "If I Didn't Care," "Whispering Grass," "I'm Getting Sentimental," "We Three," "Coquette" and "Maybe," (Continued on page 75)



Across

1. The Lillian Roth story
13. Reel romance sometimes becomes ----
14. 20th's blond bombshell
15. "The --- of the Affair"
17. Liz's off-screen initials
18. A comedy makes money if it ----- the audience
20. Where "Bhowani Junction" was shot
22. Beloved Leslie Caron film
23. Katie Hepburn, Bette Davis come from this section of the country (abbr.)
24. Dale, Gene or Joan
26. Gable's brother in "The Tall Men" (initials)
27. "... Time Goes By" (song)
28. Ginger or Roy
30. "... in Love" (song)
31. Stars have had to send an --- when mobbed by fans
32. Sailor in "The Rose Tattoo"
33. ".... Me Madam"
35. "How --- I Am" (old song)
37. "All About ---"
39. Swedish "iceberg" (initials)
40. Action movies should have a ----- pace
42. ".... It Romantic?" (song)
44. You can't be a star unless you ---
45. ".... Certain Feeling"
46. "Ma and Pa Kettle - - Waikiki"
47. Bing is Gary's ---
49. Vivacious dancing star (initials)—or a popular foreign car
50. Hero of "The Trouble with Harry"
55. Brando's nickname in "Guys and Dolls"

57. "Love -- or Leave --"

58. Film actor who was the theatre's *Captain Queeg* (initials)
59. TV comedienne who "divorced" her partner last year
61. Joan Crawford's latest
63. "Gentleman's -----," 1948 Gregory Peck vehicle
67. "Helen of ----"
68. Dietrich and Grable are famous for these
70. Where gold-rush thrillers often take place
71. He used to duet with Jeanette MacDonald
72. That blond from Philadelphia (initials)

Down

1. Joanne Dru is Mrs. -----
2. Star of "Artists and Models"
3. Movie capital (abbr.)
4. Character actress in "Lucy Gallant"
5. "You're Never Too ----"
6. "... Alone" (song)
7. Charlton Heston's role in "The Ten Commandments"
8. "Truth -- Consequences"
9. Movies' *Quentin Durward* (initials)
10. Any self-respecting African epic shows this beast charging
11. Debbie and Eddie are ---
12. Lady doc in "The Private War of Major Benson"
16. Assistant villain in "The Man from Laramie"
19. "I'll --- You in My Dreams"
21. Crooner's ex (initials)

25. Blond who did the "Maisie" series (initials)
29. "... in Love with Amy" (song)
31. "Susan ----- Here"
32. "... the Light of the Silvery Moon"
34. Star of "Bhowani Junction"
36. Princess in "Kiss of Fire"
38. Susan Hayward's real first name
39. In "Illegal," Edward G. Robinson plays an -----
41. Jeff Chandler's real first name
42. "... a Big, Wide, Wonderful World" (song)
43. Brando's role in "Désirée"
48. "... I Love You" (song)
49. "... Sister Eileen"
51. When Tony Curtis goes courting, most heroines -----
52. Cyd Charisse's husband (initials)
53. A composer-actor—or sandwich (*not* a ham)
54. Good comedians don't lay these
55. ----- preview
56. Star of "Kismet"
57. "Take Back Your ----" (song)
60. Movie actress starred as a nurse on TV (initials)
61. Star of "Bad Day at Black Rock" (initials)
62. Comedienne in "Lucy Gallant" (initials)
64. "... with the Gun"
65. Star mermaid's nickname
66. Seaman in "The Sea Chase"
69. Purdom probably wouldn't like to be called this



From Terry Hunt,

the man who has

streamlined some of

Hollywood's fanciest figures

straight talk about your curves

"Exercise is hard work," admits Terry Hunt. "Amen!" breathe his famous—and shapely—clients. "You can't just wave a wand or take a pill and presto—lose weight!" says Hollywood's favorite figure expert.

"And you can't put off exercising till you have a few minutes to kill every week or so. That's just a waste of time!" Terry insists on an exercise session every day to trim unwanted bulges; every other day to develop firm curves. "Don't overdo," he cautions, "especially at first. Stop as soon as you feel tired. It's best to begin with ten minutes a day and build up gradually to half an hour." In Terry's opinion, exercise that is rushed through like a chore to be gotten over as fast as possible might just as well be left undone. "Do each routine slowly," he says, "and do it thoroughly. Be sure you feel your muscles stretch. You'll get twice the results—twice as fast—if you resist each movement." Terry uses

dumbbells to create added resistance. For exercising at home, a heavy book may be substituted. The routines on this page are demonstrated by lithesome Rita Moreno. Follow

Terry's high-priced advice on how to do them and you'll see exciting results in as little as a month's time.

With extra dividends of health, poise and vitality.

BY HARRIET SEGMAN

SLIM WAIST:

Stand erect, feet 18 inches apart, arms above head. Bend first to one side, then the other. Return to original position. Repeat 10 times at first. Work up gradually to 20

RITA IS IN "THE LIEUTENANT WORE SKIRTS" AND "THE VAGABOND KING"

FLAT ABDOMEN:

Start from forward-bend position. Inhaling as you raise arms, swing dumbbell over head, bending back from waist. Return to original position. Work up from 10 to 25

STREAMLINED HIPs:

Swing leg over body, touching floor with toes. Return to original position. Inhale as leg swings back; exhale, forward. Alternating legs, start with 6 swings, increase to 15

SLENDER THIGHS:

Lie on side and raise leg, keeping knee rigid. Return to original position. Exhale while raising leg, inhale to lower. Start with 6 each leg, and work up to 15 each

BECOMING ATTRACTIONS



A Sparkling Cherries a la Mode is Revlon's tasty new winter fashion color. A double helping, for lips and fingertips, it comes in nail enamel, 60¢,* and lipsticks: "Living," \$1.25,* "Lanolite," \$1.10,* "Futurama" refill, 90¢*

B For a delicately glowing complexion any time of year, new Du Barry Liquid Bloom by Richard Hudnut. A one-shade cheek tint, it is easy to apply, long-lasting and designed to blend with all skin tones and make-up shades. \$1.10*

C Dorothy Gray's Special Dry-Skin lotion for face, hands and body appears this winter in a new and richer formula including lanolin, moisture ingredients and healing Allantoin. Also new, the square bottle. 12 oz., \$2.00*

D In tune with the season's most important fashion colors is Cashmere Bouquet's lively new lipstick shade, Rhythm-in-Red. A clear, rich crimson, deepened with a hint of blue, it comes in both regular and indelible-type lipsticks, 49¢*

E A gift package presented for the first time in this country is Worth's perfume and cologne set featuring the famous Je Reviens fragrance. Made, packaged and sealed in France, with Lalique flacons set in a silk-lined box, \$5.00*

*plus tax

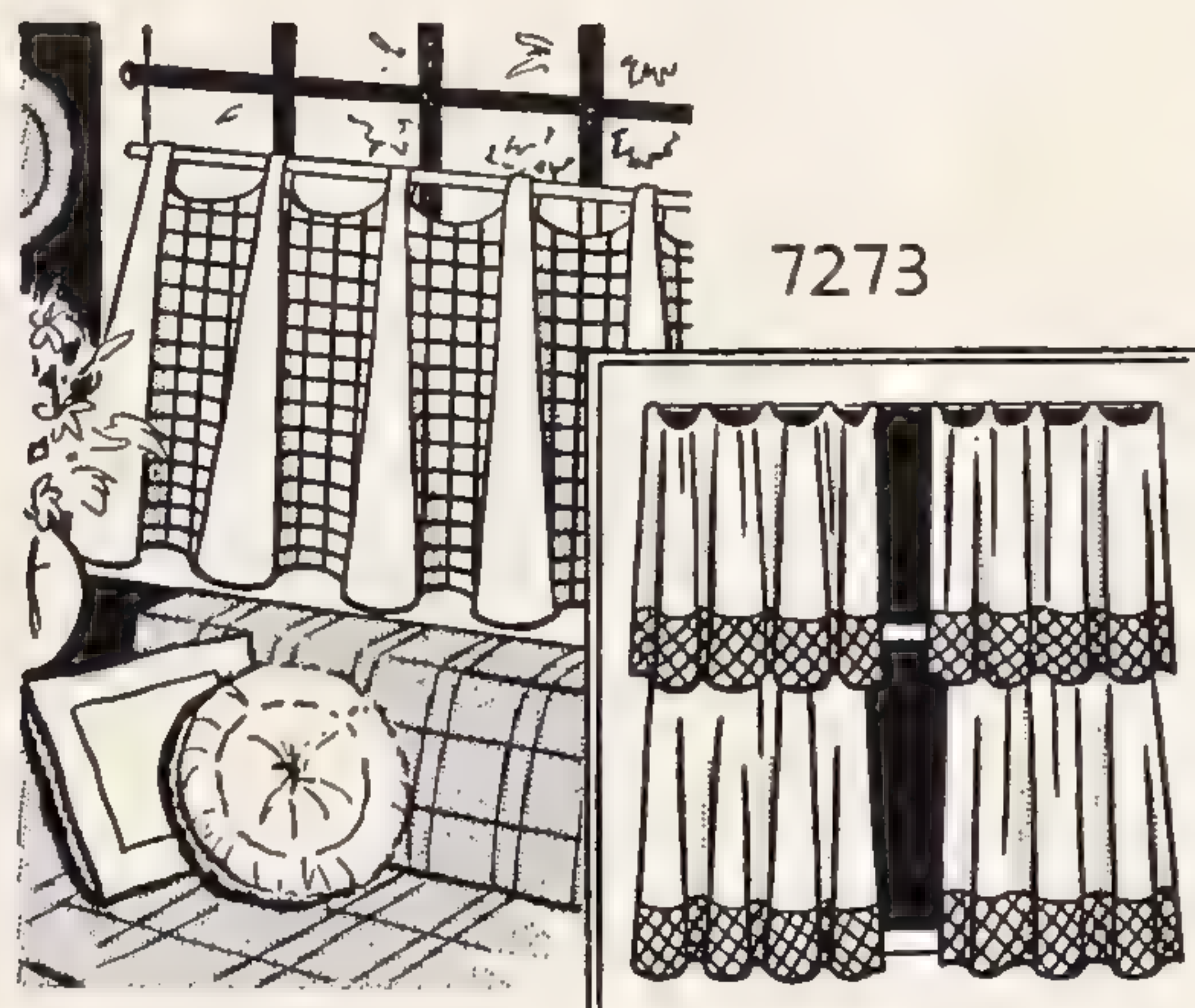
YOUNG IDEAS:

NEEDLE NEWS

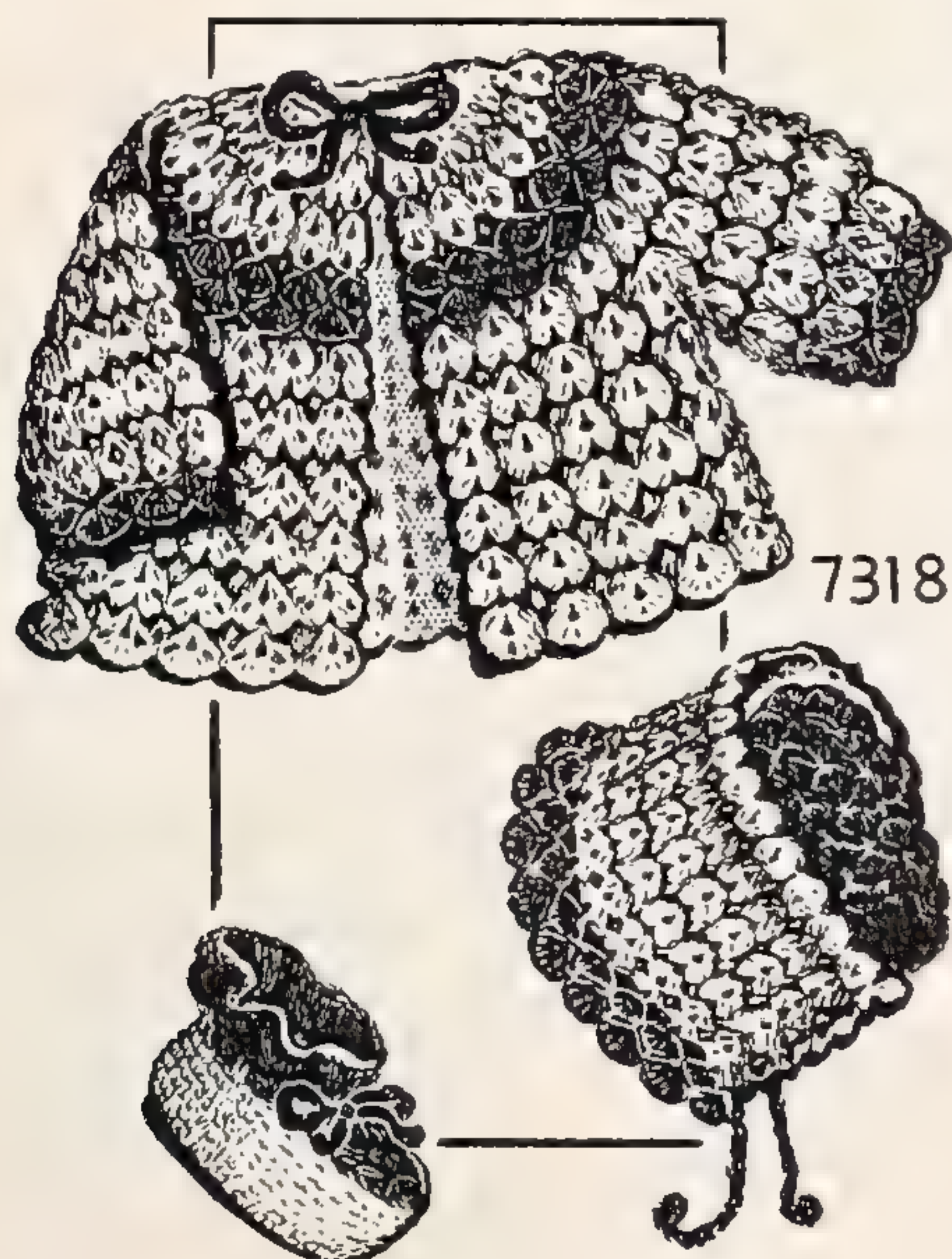


7383—Easy-crochet this little cape in lacy pineapple pattern. In sizes Small, Medium, Large. Use 3-ply fingering yarn or mercerized crochet and knitting cotton.

861—Crochet these modern leaf-design doilies in two glowing colors. Larger size 16½ inches, smaller 11½. Use crochet and knitting cotton. Easy to do.



7273—Café curtains are fashion news! Instructions included in a patternful of exciting ideas to glamorize any window in your home. Cutting guides, diagrams, trim ideas, instructions included.



609—Dress or jumper—embroidery-trimmed to make it all the lovelier. For special occasions, add glittering sequins and beads. Tissue pattern, transfers and instructions Misses' sizes 12-20. State size.

7318—You'll have baby's new booties, bonnet, jacket finished in a jiffy. Made in open and closed shell stitches in 3-ply baby yarn. Crochet directions included.

Send twenty-five cents (in coin) for each pattern to: PHOTOPLAY, Needlecraft Service, P.O. Box 123, Old Chelsea Station, New York 11, New York. Add five cents for each pattern for first-class mailing. Send extra twenty-five cents for Needlecraft Catalog

P

THE LADY IS DANGEROUS

(Continued from page 43)

"Land of the Pharaohs" for Warner Brothers, "The Virgin Queen" for 20th and had just completed "The Girl in the Red Velvet Swing." The next picture in her seven-year contract with 20th is to be "Boy on a Dolphin."

On-screen, she had proved she had the capacity to start hearts racing at a tom-tom beat. "A torrid baggage," the sedate New York Times called her.

Reporters, ever reluctant to accept another's opinion, were doubly critical. Was she, they asked themselves, merely the creation of gifted directors and skilled press agents? Or did she actually possess that extra bit of feminine magic, off-screen as well as on, which is truly the mark of the star?

She has the magic. Her appearance alone could make heads turn, women's as well as men's, for not one female in a thousand could carry off such clothes. Joan's measurements are 38-23½-37. She is five feet, five and one half inches tall and weighs 126 pounds.

On one interview she wore a skirt of fine black wool and a black jersey blouse with long sleeves and turtle neck. Both were cut so starkly they made other sheath dresses look bulky as crinoline. Her only ornaments were a bracelet and ring formed of large blocks of topaz, lightly outlined in gold wire. It was an outfit to entitle her to full membership in the *femme fatale* club, right along with Mata Hari.

Her make-up was frankly Theda Bara—flat pancake, purplish lipstick, black brows and lashes, even to a fine penciled line along the edge of the lower lid. It was extreme, it was arresting, but in contrast to the way in which another well-heralded glamour girl has been turning a constantly cold creamed face to the press, it also was pleasing. Joan Collins had taken the trouble to look like the kind of star she is supposed to be.

But if she had had a manner to match, it would have been insufferable. The day of waving a pretentious long cigarette holder is past. Fortunately, Joan had the intelligence to leave siren's wiles at the studio door. She conducts herself with the decorum of a well brought up young Englishwoman.

She likes cities, she stated. London, New York, Rome and Paris were all

much alike, but London, of course, was home. Paris is her favorite city, but she thinks all are fun. "I like the big city bustle, the theatre, the night life."

Hollywood delighted her for a different reason. "It's so much more informal. In California, you dress differently and there's an ease. You do what you want. You see friends at their homes, you play records, you sit around and talk."

Among the close friends she has made are Mr. and Mrs. Gene Kelly. At their home, she also met Marlon Brando whom she thinks is "terribly honest and sincere." He, in turn, had invited her to a party at his house. "I didn't know the way, so he drove down and met me at Schwab's and I followed his car. I thought that rather sweet of him, don't you?"

From New York, she was air-borne to London, officially to grace the English premiere of "The Virgin Queen."

The personal aspect of the trip brought a sparkle to her eyes. "I haven't been home in eleven months." She was anxious, she said, to see Piccadilly and "just walk around" places she knows. She planned a weekend in Paris.

But most of all, she wanted to see her family. The family, she said, was, "My mother, my father, my sister Jackie, my brother Bill—and about eighteen million relatives." The Will Collins home overlooks Regent's Park and Joan describes it as an apartment with "lots and lots of rooms."

Many of the "eighteen million relatives" are vaudeville performers, and like her father, they objected to Joan's going on stage because they thought it too rugged a life for a pretty young girl. Now that her talent is proved, their objections have melted.

"I'm arriving on my sister's eighteenth birthday. That's quite an event." Birthday presents for Jackie are "things which are hard to get in England but which still are light to carry." They included plastic shoes, "You know, the ones with glass heels. They look like glass slippers. She'll love them." There also was a gold purse, lipsticks and "nail varnish."

She was also bringing records from her own collection. "Jackie is jazz happy and she particularly likes the long playing records. The albums have such nice covers. She loves the titles, too." Joan herself

has two such favorites—the Matt Dennis collection titled "Dennis, Anyone?" and the Eartha Kitt "Down to Eartha." She likes the English tinge to their humor. "English and American jokes are so different." Then she adds, "Except in show business. Show business people laugh at the same things all over the world."

Calling home before she left, her family, she said, "Told me I sounded so American they could scarcely understand me."

Her problem in finding presents for her parents also exceeded international boundaries. "For Mother it was easy. I got her a purse and make-up gadgets. But I never know what to get for my father. I've brought him more address books from more places. This time, I'm bringing him slippers—and I'm afraid they were made in England."

The gifts for her brother Bill, age nine, presented no problem. They were inevitable. "Davy Crockett things, of course." She believed they would be timely. "He was in the middle of a Space Man craze when I left, but two months ago my father cabled, 'Please send Davy Crockett record.'"

Experienced traveler that she is, Joan has visited or made films in most of the European countries on this side of the Iron Curtain. She believes in traveling light because she likes to buy things wherever she goes. "I keep needing more and more closets."

Where does she want to settle down?

"That," said Joan, opening up the inevitable and at present vexing topic of romance, "will depend on whom I marry. But I can't even speak of marrying. I have still to get my divorce."

As she spoke, she drew on her store of British reserve to keep her voice even, emotionless. On her birthday, May 23, 1952, she married Maxwell Reed. They separated in 1954. There have been reports he is adverse to the divorce. She now plans to seek it in California. "That means at least fourteen months until I am legally free," she says flatly.

To friends she has added candidly that she views any new romance with extreme caution. She feels she should know a man well—at least a year—before she even considers marriage.

For the record, she says, "I'm not ready to settle down. Not even in one apartment. I have moved four times since I came to Hollywood and I intend to move again when I get back." There are too many things to see, too many things I want to do before I consider attaching myself to one place or one person."

The Hollywood advance reports on Joan Collins held their validity in New York. Whether she was talking to a reporter in her hotel suite or on display, in public, at the theatre, on a television show, or pressing the button which turned on a new street lighting system in the Bronx, she looked like a siren but conducted herself like a lady.

Not all stars have stood that test. One of the most hilarious press conferences on record was the first one of the original vamp, Theda Bara. The legend is that she met the press at the Blackstone Hotel in Chicago, stretched languidly on a bearskin rug. The day was so blistering hot her old-fashioned mascara melted and puddled down on her cheeks. Those who tell the story also insist that Louella Parsons, then a young reporter on the Chicago Herald Examiner, laughed so hard she dropped her copy pencils.

You can bet nothing like that happened when the press met the 1956 Vamp—Joan Collins.

THE END

ANSWERS TO CROSSWORD PUZZLE ON PAGE 63

Across

1. "I'll Cry Tomorrow"
13. real
14. North (Sheree)
15. End
17. E W (Elizabeth Wilding)
18. amuses
20. India
22. "Lili"
23. N E (Northeast)
24. Evans
26. C M (Cameron Mitchell)
27. As
28. Rogers
30. So
31. SOS
32. Ben (Cooper)
33. Call
35. Dry
37. Eve
39. A E (Anita Ekberg)
40. rapid
42. Isn't
44. try
45. That
46. at
47. pop
49. M G (Mitzi Gaynor)

Down

50. Forsythe (John)
55. Sky
57. Me
58. L N (Lloyd Nolan)
59. Imogene (Coca)
61. Steele (Alfred)
63. Agreement
67. Troy
68. legs
70. Alaska
71. Eddy (Nelson)
72. G K (Grace Kelly)

Down

1. Ireland (John)
2. Lewis (Jerry)
3. L A (Los Angeles)
4. Claire (Trevor)
5. Young
6. One
7. Moses
8. or
9. R T (Robert Taylor)
10. rhinoceros
11. wed
12. Adams (Julie)
16. Nicol (Alex)
19. See
21. N S (Nancy Sinatra)
25. A S (Ann Sothern)
29. Once
31. Slept
32. By
34. Ava (Gardner)
36. Rush (Barbara)
38. Edythe
39. attorney
41. Ira
42. It's
43. Napoleon
48. P. S.
49. My
51. Yield
52. T M (Tony Martin)
53. Hoagy (Carmichael)
54. eggs
55. sneak
56. Keel (Howard)
57. Mink
60. E R (Ella Raines)
61. S T (Spencer Tracy)
62. T R (Thelma Ritter)
64. Man
65. Es (Esther Williams)
66. Tab (Hunter)
69. Ed

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are a 'Must'
in my wet weather wardrobe"

says **MARTHA HYER**



FASHION FIT

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at Shoe, Notion and Rainwear counters, everywhere...

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THIS BILL'S OVERDUE

(Continued from page 40)

least you knew what you had in the bank every week. But in the theatre, it was caviar one day, hash if you were lucky, the next. Why couldn't Bill choose a nice upstanding profession of permanence like law? But Mama Campbell, who had been a great movie fan in the days when silence was golden, and had collected pictures of Janet Gaynor and John Boles, said: "No. Bill should be an actor, and his brother, Bob, should write wonderful parts for him!" How prophetic Mrs. Campbell's words were, not even she suspected. Bob has just sold an original script which he wrote especially for Bill, "The Allison Brothers," for \$25,000 to Kirk Douglas' new company. He was tempted, but refrained, to call it, "The Campbells Are Coming!"

Little did Mom dream that one day she herself would wind up seeing Hollywood. For the first thing Bill did when he signed his Universal contract was to send for both his parents. "Pop couldn't come, but I managed to persuade Mom to come without him," Bill reminisced over his salad plate. "And I really blew the works. I bought her a whole new wardrobe, including a mink collar and cuffs. The coat will come later, although she still hasn't worn the collar and cuffs! I got her a hat for sixty dollars. At that price, I guess you might call it a chapeau. Mom, who never owned a hat over two dollars, just stared at it and tried to figure out what the sixty dollars went into! Mom never had it so good, feasting on tournedos of beef, strawberries out of season and vintage champagne, and she nearly keeled over the day I took her to lunch in the M-G-M commissary and Clark Gable sat at the next table! But you know something? She missed my father, kept worrying that he wasn't eating all right, and then was burned up when she called him to see how he was getting along without her and he said, 'You're having such a good time. Why don't you stay a couple more weeks?'"

In choosing his bride, Bill has found "a girl just like the girl who married dear old Dad." Although Judy Imoor was born in New Jersey not many miles from Newark, it was their fate not to meet until they caught up with each other three thousand miles away on a blind date.

"And she sure blinded me!" Bill grinned, remembering shy and beautiful sixteen-year-old, red-haired Judy, apologizing because she wasn't her sister, Susan Morrow, whom Bill had expected but couldn't come because she was home ill. "That first date stretched into two years and on October 25, 1952, we took the fatal plunge. My birthday is five days later, so it's an expensive month for us! Judy is the kind of girl that brings out the husband, lover, brother and friend in a man. She is sweet and sentimental and deeply religious. She isn't the blasé type like so many young girls these days. You know the kind, 'But dahling, I'm so bored with it all!' To Judy, every day is an exclamation point, whether it's because of our new Thunderbird, or new curtains for our Early American home in the Hollywood hills. Then, too, she doesn't go in for those uninhibited conversations in mixed company that are supposed to be so chic these days. I am careful to watch my language in front of her. But don't get me wrong, she isn't a prude. She has too much of a sense of humor for that."

"Once, when she was reading some of my fan mail and a friend asked her if

she weren't jealous of all those letters dripping with amorous prose, she laughed: 'Why should I be? They want him, but I have him.' She could easily have a career of her own—she has a lovely singing voice, and she's so beautiful that when we go out, everyone thinks *she's* the star and I'm her *date*,—but she wants no part of it. God bless her, she just wants to be a housewife.

"We don't play the party circuit yet. We aren't big enough Names for the Grade A list and that's okay with us. We'd much rather stay home with our own small circle of friends—the Steve Forrests, John Ericsons, Dick Andersons, Fess Parker, and play records, or watch the fights. I'm a boxing fan and hope to own my own fighter someday. We also want to travel, especially to Greece and Italy (I covered the Far East during my war days), and someday hope to save enough money to buy a lot and build a home of our own, with a nursery for the children we hope to have. Judy's father is an architect, so we're ahead already."

"Yes siree, I'm a very lucky guy. Success can be a pretty empty glory, if you haven't someone at your side to share it. What is it the poet Byron once wrote? 'All who joy would win must share it,—happiness was born a twin.'"

The dessert wagon rolled by loaded with tempting sweets, but Bill waved it away. He didn't need a chocolate roll or strawberry shortcake to sweeten his life. It's full and rich enough now to satisfy any hunger. He lit a cigarette and continued, "I'm a lucky guy, too, to have had such great actors help me with my career and I learned one thing fast. The bigger they are, the nicer they are. It was Johnny Garfield who gave me my first words of advice. I made my first, and his last, picture with him—'The Breaking Point.' I had just been on tour with Monty Woolley in the road company of 'The Man Who Came to Dinner,' and had done three plays on Broadway before that. The engagements were even briefer than my roles. Johnny, who had had great success on Broadway before Hollywood, took me aside on our first day of shooting and said: 'Always remember this, kid. Never sneer at pictures. They can be a great art.' His untimely and tragic death was a terrible blow to me."

"As for Spencer Tracy, well, in my book they broke the mold when they made him. He had always been an idol of mine, and when I heard I was cast in his picture, 'The People Against O'Hara,' I was numb. I was so afraid, I didn't go near him. I was afraid to tell him how much I admired him for fear that he'd think I, as

a young punk, was apple polishing. On the day of our first scene together, my dialogue ran fourteen consecutive minutes. Tracy doesn't rehearse so I had run through the cues with his stand-in. When it came time to face him and the cameras started grinding, suddenly I drew a blank and couldn't remember the first word. Tracy, as a defense attorney trying to break my testimony, couldn't register any emotion, but I felt he was with me and suddenly the whole thing began to roll. I went straight through without a single fluff and, when it was over, the one-hundred-fifty extras and everyone on the set broke into spontaneous applause. Spence looked at me popeyed and then exclaimed. 'You so-and-so. You're the first young buck who ever gave me a race. Are you under contract here?' 'No,' I stammered, almost too stunned to speak. 'Well, you should be,' he snapped back. 'I'll talk to Dore Schary and Benny Thau pronto.' He not only talked Metro into a contract for me, but when he went to Twentieth to do 'Broken Lance,' he went to bat for me over there, too. But another actor had already been assigned to the part."

"Kirk Douglas is another grand guy. When I came to U-I to play the second male lead in 'Man Without a Star,' Kirk told me, 'I like competitive actors. Fight me.' I must have followed his advice good, because now I'm going to co-star with him for his new company in 'The Allison Brothers.' Remember that's the one my brother Bob wrote."

"It isn't only male stars either, who are helpful to newcomers. I did a tv show with Loretta Young in which I only had four lines to say, but she threw the whole scene to me!"

"Lots of people ask me how I broke into acting so quickly. It wasn't quickly," Bill hastened to add. "It was hard, relentless work. But I had the advantage of great teachers like Uta Hagen and Herbert Berghof. I remember one of the first rules they taught me about acting: 'Don't make too much of anything. All this analytical acting is the bunk. If you have a scene in which you have to pick up a cigarette, pick it up naturally. Don't stop to ask yourself, 'Now what motivated that action?' Another thing that Uta taught me was 'Play everything. Develop a change in pace and don't wait until an author says let's write this for his personality.' Type-casting soon exhausts itself. So do juvenile heroes. But an actor who learns every facet of his acting is ageless. Take Spencer Tracy, for example. He can still play a romantic lead opposite Kate Hepburn, but he can also play Liz Taylor's father!"

"John Barrymore was also that kind of actor!" Bill's eyes flashed in excitement. "He was the idol of my pre-acting days. If anyone had told me, when I saw 'Dinner at Eight' four times, that someday I'd be playing his role of *Larry Brent* (it was my first assignment at the Fagan Drama School), I'd have thought he was slightly cuckoo. My other boyhood heroes were Babe Ruth and Lou Gehrig. If ever I have to play a very poignant scene, all I have to do is remember how deeply affected I was by their deaths. Niagara has nothing on me!"

The waiters were clearing the tables for the cocktail hour. Bill jumped up, looked at his watch and zoomed off in his new Thunderbird to meet Judy. He's one guy who knows exactly where he's going. In fact, it might be said Campbell's arrived.

THE END

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THEN HUDSON GOT HEP

(Continued from page 28)
companion. "Doesn't he want to watch?"
"Good grief, man, he's in the picture."

In the not too distant past, for Rock, such a session would have been like an excursion to a torture chamber.

He would have walked in and taken just one look at the collection of Hollywood veterans surrounding him—Elizabeth Taylor and Jane Withers, young ladies who had grown up in pictures, Mercedes McCambridge, the actress who had taken home an Oscar, George Stevens, the master director. One look would have been enough; Rock Hudson would have spent the rest of the evening asking himself, "What am I doing here?"

Now, however, he leaned forward in his seat, took notes on the performances. The dialogue was no longer drowned out by the persistent thought, "How did I ever think I could play a part like this?"

Now, unencumbered by doubts, he could view his work objectively, in the manner of a seasoned professional. He knew exactly what he was doing there.

Rock Hudson was engaged in portraying a part for which such stars as Clark Gable and Gary Cooper had been mentioned. And according to those who have seen the finished product, he's played it with the assurance and the authority of those all-time greats.

It's a far cry from his first role in a picture called "Fighter Squadron," from that initial day of shooting when he had one line. The line was, "You better get a bigger blackboard."

That day his voice nearly outtrembled his knees. After twenty-eight tries, he finally got it right. When he walked off the set, he was certain it was forever. "I was awful," he complained.

"Terrible," agreed a co-worker.

"Guess it's back to driving a truck."

"You have a couple of other scenes," replied the other fellow. "Don't worry. You'll improve."

"I will?" asked Rock.

"No doubt about it," he was assured. "You couldn't be that bad again."

In those days, actor Hudson wouldn't have taken any bets. He's come a long way. But only Rock knows exactly how far. The road to maturity, to confidence, to freedom from fears, he found, is even longer than the one to stardom. He had to fight his way through his own private battle. And at last he's won it. "I can't honestly say that I'll never be afraid again," he'll tell you. "No one is ever completely free from fears. Yet if you know how to meet your fears, you've got a

headstart when it comes to licking them, and they can't get you down."

The knowing smile was a long time in coming. "When I first got into pictures, I was terribly afraid of failure," he says. "I guess that's the way everyone feels about a new job. But it was such a long haul and success seemed so far away, sometimes I thought I'd never make it no matter how hard I worked."

"By the time I reached the point where I was being given parts, I'd worked myself into feeling apologetic because the studio wasn't getting a Laurence Olivier to speak my few lines. And I figured that as soon as they discovered this rather glaring error, I'd be finished," Rock adds.

"I was afraid of disappointing those who believed in me, people who'd stuck their necks out for me: my agent, Raoul Walsh who gave me my first break, the studio that had invested in my career."

"I was afraid of the responsibility of stardom when it came. True, everyone connected with a film is in there pitching. But when you play a lead, you're the guy in the limelight, the guy the public expects to carry the picture."

It was when he won the role in "Magnificent Obsession" that he began to see the light. The day he was told, he felt a mixture of absolute happiness and total terror. "Look Rock," said the executive who broke the news. "You weren't Barrymore when you came here. We didn't expect you to be. We *did* expect you to work hard. You haven't disappointed us and we couldn't ask for more."

"We gave you larger roles as you improved, only because you had improved. You're well liked, but we're in business and we can't afford to be sentimental where casting's concerned. This picture's yours because we know you can do a good job."

That was the beginning. "It was then that I finally got it through my head that if the studio wanted an Olivier for 'Obsession,' they'd have done something about that. But they wanted me. And if I gave my best—well, chances were that we'd all be happy."

When "Giant" came along, Rock was ready. He was ready for one of the most coveted roles of this or any other year. There were no thoughts such as "Gable would do it this way." There were no more comparisons in his mind. The old boy, Rock Hudson, himself, was going to make *Bick Benedict* come to life. *Bick* would be his own creation.

Life in Hollywood isn't spent exclusively on the sound stages. For Rock,

there were other windmills to charge. It's been said that during his first few years in Hollywood he hardly spoke a word.

"I was quiet," admits Rock. "I was always afraid I'd say the wrong thing."

"There I was, an ex-truck driver meeting the Hollywood greats—the experts. And believe me, I was wondering what in the world I could say to them."

Upon one occasion when he spoke up, he had cause to regret it. It occurred the afternoon his agent accompanied him to an interview with an important producer. The agent had coached him carefully as to what to say, how and when to say it. Seeing Rock's nervousness, he added, "If you get stuck for an answer, I'll take over."

Once in the office, the producer leisurely began to question him. That he was a kindly man, Rock had no doubt. He seemed to realize that Rock had had few such interviews. Nevertheless, Rock found himself mumbling replies. And the more he mumbled, the more confused he became. He remembered his agent's advice too late as the producer, in another effort to put him at ease, asked him his age.

Trying to disentangle himself from the nightmare, he turned to his agent for support and blurted, "How old am I?"

"Forget it, kid," his agent said as they left. "There'll be other interviews."

"Yeah," said Rock. "And I know just the guy to see. He runs a trucking agency."

In the social world, the Dale Carnegie influence was equally noticeably lacking. "As I began to make pictures and as I got better parts, I was invited to more and more parties," says Rock. "And for such a long time I figured that the straight-faced acceptance of me was due to the fact that everyone was too polite to laugh."

It was at a dinner party one evening that he began to see another side of the story, when a top star stopped suddenly in the middle of a lengthy monologue, "I'm talking too much as usual," she grinned. "But you know, Rock, you have a quality that encourages people like me to talk their heads off. You know how to listen."

"I never thought of it that way," he murmured. And he found himself telling her why.

"How long has this been going on?" she asked him.

How long? He had to go back. 'Way back to his first memory of how laughter could hurt. To a day in school when he had been called on and had blurted a wrong answer. The class had whooped. After that, whenever a question had come his way, he'd gone blank.

Seemingly it was a little thing. Yet why did he still remember? He glanced at the actress and saw that she was smiling. "Suppose you could round up that entire class and have them here tonight," she said. "How many do you think would remember that incident? And if they've forgotten, why can't you?"

"There are numerous other instances," Rock drawled with a wry grin.

"I'm sure there are," said the star. "There are certain times in our lives when we all say or do funny things. And you, my friend, do not have a monopoly."

Rock got the point, which isn't to say that he immediately blossomed into a polished conversationalist. But that was the evening he got under way.

Rock had another fear—that of insecurity. "I wasn't afraid of poverty. I'd known that too well and I'd learned to cope with it. It was another type of insecurity."

The only time he ever remembered the feeling of real security was when he was

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very small. Those were the happy days of his childhood when there were Mother and Dad and the closeness of their small family. He was safe and loved.

Then, when he was six, his world suddenly fell apart. "That was the day Mother came and told me that she and Dad were separating," he says. "I think that was the beginning of it. I was too young to understand. Everything seemed torn up."

It wasn't that he was loved any less. He knew that. But his mother had to go to work as a telephone operator to support them. They had little time together. And with his dad gone . . .

"It took a bit of living and a lot of learning to straighten me out on that score," says Rock. "As a child, you're naturally dependent. Life's meant to be that way. But as an adult, you can't cling to the memory of whatever security you knew as a child—or, as in my case, harbor a deep distrust of it."

"Real security is something you have to find within yourself as you mature. It kind of automatically comes to you as you develop self-reliance and other similar qualities. You just have to know where to look for it and to recognize it once you've achieved it."

"It isn't merely a matter of material things. Some of the most insecure people are very wealthy. I'm not knocking the all-American dollar bill," grins Rock. "Just false values. Which brings me to still another episode in my life. The time I was afraid I wasn't behaving like a star—living up to the old tradition of living it up!"

He had an acquaintance who believed that a star or, well, anyone who could afford it, should advertise prosperity. "You ought to dress the part," he told Rock. "Get yourself some custom-made duds. The best. Only the best. After all, people expect it of you."

Rock took a trip to the shop which had been recommended and spent a small fortune for a new suit. No doubt about it, the outfit was a beauty. At ten times the usual price, it should have been.

Then, on his way home, he happened to pass a more modest store. In the window, another suit caught his eye. He stopped in, tried it on and bought it. He paid for it even less than he usually spent.

It was this suit that he was wearing several nights later when he ran into his acquaintance at a party. "Took your advice," said Rock.

"So I see," the fellow eyed the modestly priced outfit appreciatively. "You can tell that's real quality."

Rock began to grin. "You'd never guess what I paid for it," he said.

"I know those prices are steep," came the reply. "But you're a star. And now you look like one."

It was all Rock could do to keep from laughing. "And mostly at myself," he says. "It was a rather expensive lesson, but I learned it well."

Today, as he is reaching the heights of Hollywood success, some say that the entire business has gone to his head. "It's logical," he remarks. "There has been a change. Around Hollywood, I used to be known as the fellow who could never speak up."

"In a way, I was always afraid I might be tagged ungrateful or hurt someone. But in the past few years the demands on my time have tripled and so have my responsibilities. Fulfilling all the requests would take about a fifty-six-hour day."

"Someday I'd like to be able to work it so I could take nice long rests between pictures. To recoin the old phrase, 'get away from it all.'"

"But not too far way," he adds with the Hudson grin. "Or for too long."

THE END



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"DATE BAIT FOR A GUY LIKE ME"

(Continued from page 53)

willing and game to try something new.

The girl who appeals to me is one I can talk to. I wouldn't want her to be a real big talker because then I wouldn't be able to get my own oar in. And I hope she'd be interested in talking about acting and making movies. Right now those are the important things to me. And I must admit I spend a lot of my spare time trying to figure out what makes a good movie good and how to become a better actor."

Fess smiled. "While I'm on the subject of talking, I want to mention that I like a girl with a sweet speaking voice. And I don't mean just a pretty set of vocal cords. A girl I used to know had a real melodious voice, but when she got mad she soared up to a screech that sounded like she was callin' hogs. So it isn't the voice so much as the way it is used."

Fess got up and walked across the room. He stretched up and down on his toes to exercise his new boots.

"Another thing that catches my eyes," he went on, "is a girl who is well tailored and well groomed. Her clothes don't have to be expensive or extra fancy just as long as they are neat and clean and trim. I can't abide crooked stocking seams or straggly hair. I enjoy the scrubbed look."

Fess chuckled.

"Some of my schoolmates might get a laugh if they heard me talking about well-tailored clothes. When I was attending Hardin-Simmons University I used to indulge in certain eccentricities in personal apparel. I was just out of the Navy, and this was probably a reaction to wearing a uniform, but I used to attend classes wearing a conductor's hat, a plaid shirt, Levis and big boondockers."

"One of my instructors couldn't understand this. He used to say, 'Sometimes that boy looks as if he dressed while climbing down a ladder.'

"Anyway, I'm older now, and I've grown up some. I wear tailored suits and sports jackets now. And I think there is nothing more enjoyable to look at than a nice girl who is dressed up sweet and pretty."

Fess goes into raptures on the subject of food. He thinks if he were picking out a girl to marry, he'd surely look for one who could cook.

"A beautiful woman is certainly something to look at," Fess said seriously. "But a girl who can cook has an ability that can be used three times every day."

Fess has just bought himself a new house. He calls it "rustic modern." "It's a sort of a big little house," he said. "It has two bedrooms and a den, a big patio, a goldfish pool, and a large-size mortgage."

Fess' mother and father are visiting him right now. They're going to take care of the new house when Fess is in Georgia on location for "The Great Locomotive Chase." In the meantime Fess is catching up on some of his mother's excellent cooking.

"This morning," Fess said, his smile sublime at the memory, "Mother made one of my favorite breakfasts. They call it fried pie, but actually it is baked in the oven. It has a thick crust and it is filled with apricots and brown sugar. Mother served it warm from the oven with a big wedge of French vanilla ice cream on top. With that I had two or three glasses of milk. It sure was a nice change from the old stand-by, bacon and eggs."

According to Fess, the womenfolk in his family have always been good cooks. "Both of my grandmothers were just fabulous. We always lived off the fat of the land."

The Parkers had come out of Tennessee to settle in Erath County, Texas. And the

Allens—on his mother's side—had moved west from Arkansas to take up land in neighboring Comanche County. Fess spent alternate summers on the farms of each of his grandparents. He learned how to do a farmer's chores, and he grew tall and strong in the sun.

"My grandmother Parker's maiden name was Cora Lightfoot," Fess said. "Her father was a Cherokee Indian, and she was famous for her fruit and berry pie. Down in that part of the country the mainstays of our diet were beef and vegetables. One of my favorite meals was roast beef and gravy and hot biscuits along with corn and peas and tomatoes and onions. And of course plenty of milk."

An only son, Fess was born in Fort Worth, Texas on August 16, 1927. But when three months old the family moved to San Angelo, Texas.

"My dad grew up to be a farmer, but then he worked in the bank and sold tobacco for Liggett and Meyers. Later he went into politics and he was the Tax Assessor for Tom Green County and County Commissioner. All the while he had a two hundred and fifty acre farm up in Comanche County run by a tenant."

Fess says he didn't pay much attention to girls until he was four or five years old.

"I remember the two Oliver sisters who lived next door to us on Sixteenth Street. They were pretty. I got along fine with those girls. Then there was Donise Parker. She was about my age and she was fun. She played the violin. I think she was my second cousin. I had lots of country cousins. We always gathered on holidays and swam in the tank where they watered the cattle."

On most occasions Fess' girl friends inspired in him only the tenderest of feelings. But one blond charmer in the second grade taunted him, and Fess cussed her out. Miss Florence Rau, the principal, was horrified.

"Where," she demanded, "could you possibly have learned those awful words?"

Fess dug his toes into the ground, momentarily without an answer. Then, in spite of much wriggling and squirming, he was escorted to the basin and his mouth was washed out with soap.

"I think it was the yellow kind," he now recalls, wryly.

At this school another punishment meted out for bad deportment was to make the culprit pick up a bucketful of rocks in the school yard. Or two or three or four bucketfuls for a really bad offense. But Fess found a way to cope with this. After picking up his first bucket of rocks, he'd dribble them out again on the way to the dump pile. Then he'd make a big show of emptying his already empty bucket.

"This saved a lot of wear and tear," Fess says now, grinning. "And I guess that was about the first time the actor in me began to crop out."

In spite of all this, Fess has happy remembrances of his school days and his teachers. "They were just wonderful," he says. "They had a powerful influence on me and on what I turned out to be."

When Fess was six years old he wanted to learn to play the piano or the accordion, but his father shook his head. "I'm sorry, son," Mr. Parker told him, "but those instruments are too expensive. Would you settle for a trumpet?" Fess said okay.

But he got off to a slow start when he began taking lessons from a one-eyed trumpet teacher. "He was a very nice gentleman," Fess says, "but he used to amaze me when he popped out his glass eye. Maybe that spoiled my concentration."

Anyway I wasn't too good a trumpet player in the beginning."

However things picked up in the fullness of time. Within a few years Fess had worked his way up and was playing first solo trumpet in the high school band. Then along came a new leader, one Homer Anderson, who decided to bring "order and discipline" to the young musicians. He set up a system requiring each student to turn in a slip denoting the amount of time spent on daily practice. This worked a hardship on Fess. His practicing was apt to be neglected in favor of football. "I was soon demoted back to fourth trumpet," Fess says.

One fine day Mr. Anderson told Fess he wanted him to start playing the double B-flat-bass-horn. This shook Fess who was naturally inclined to laziness.

"That great big thing!" Fess cried in tones of deepest injury. "Why it must weigh at least forty pounds!"

"It does," Mr. Anderson said. "That's why you're elected. You're the only boy who is big enough to carry it."

Fess played the big bass horn for a full semester, but his heart wasn't in his work. He yearned to return to the more manageable trumpet. And on sunny afternoons he was tempted to chuck the whole thing and join his pal, Dale Chase, at football practice.

Soon after that they were practicing for a national band contest when one perspiring apprentice hit a clinker.

"Who!" bellowed the outraged Mr. Anderson, "played that sour one?"

Fess elevated his hand.

"Fess Parker," stormed Mr. Anderson, "did you hit that blue note?"

"No, sir, Mr. Anderson, sir," Fess said. "But I hit a black one."

That ended the meeting for the day. And the following semester Fess was able to devote his time to football. "I was not invited to rejoin the band," he says.

Fess laid down his trumpet, but he didn't lose his interest in music. When he lived out on the farm he had discovered the lure of folk singing and folk music. The neighboring Marson boys had a string band and they introduced him to rural and hillbilly type songs. "My great-uncle, Ed Lightfoot, taught me a lot of the old ballads, too," Fess says.

Later, Fess attended a Burl Ives contest at the University of Texas. The music affected him powerfully. "I decided I had to learn to play the guitar," he says. "This was a way to express myself personally."

His current girl friend understood this. And the following Christmas she gave him a guitar and a book of folk songs. That was a beginning for Fess—a prelude to the time, years later, when his Columbia record of "The Ballad of Davy Crockett" would become a smash hit.

But in the meantime Fess read voraciously, especially books of high adventure and stories of the old West. He played football and other school sports, and he also did some water-skiing. And he found time to date a goodly number of girls.

Fess says another thing that added to his social life was the fact that he owned a Model T Ford. "That car had a mighty fine pickup," he maintains proudly.

"It was a 1921 model, and you had to crank it," Fess says. "But I did fine with that. Those really were the days. I bought that Ford from a sign painter who had treated it like an only child. I drove it a total of eight years and kept it in storage while I was in the Navy. When I sold it, it was still in perfect running condition. I had paid \$40 for it, and when I turned it in on a 1951 convertible they allowed me

42.67. They wrote up the deal in the *Lord* magazine."

Despite the fact that he rates himself an erratic student," Fess accumulated a good deal of formal education. After he graduated from high school he enrolled in a liberal arts course at Texas A & M, but says, "that didn't take." So he moved over to Hardin-Simmons University at Abilene, Texas, where he spent another term before volunteering for the Navy. Fess served in the Navy from 1943 to 1946. For the last six months of the war he cruised around the China Sea on the mine sweeper YMS 334 taking pot shots at Japanese mines. "It was noisy," he reports. When he returned to study pre-law at Hardin-Simmons U. and business administration and history at the University of Texas where he finally got his degree. Then, he says, "I headed for Hollywood." The urge to become an actor had started years before when Fess witnessed his first Shakespearean productions at the Texas Centennial at Dallas. This was given further impetus when he visited Hollywood studios during the war, and later met Adolphe Menjou, who encouraged him. But in Hollywood he found that his services were "not in demand."

"This was not too surprising," he says now, grinning. "As I had no acting experience except for the time I played Misby in a college production of 'A Midsummer Night's Dream'—which," he adds, "was hardly type casting."

Fess decided that he needed experience, so he enrolled in the School of Theatre at S.C. At the end of the spring semester he heard that they were looking for local actors to tour the West Coast with the Chicago company of "Mister Roberts." "I applied for a job," Fess says, "and darned I didn't get it."

This opened the door. Fess earned only

\$32 a week, but he gained valuable experience working with Henry Fonda and other trained actors in the "Mister Roberts" company. With this behind him, he landed his first movie role in "Untamed Frontier." After that, in rapid succession he appeared in eight more pictures. Then Walt Disney spotted him in "Them." "That's our man!" Walt exclaimed. "He's the one to portray Davy Crockett."

Fess was in.

"I'm a lucky fellow," Fess says now. "I've had a good life. Everything has come along right on schedule."

Recently, Fess' steady date has been a lovely singer, Marcella Rinehart. But Fess says, "We're not serious. We're not planning to get married."

Nevertheless they do have fun together. Fess and Marcy met beside an apartment-house pool. "I was talkin' as usual," Fess remembers. Then they soon discovered that they had much in common . . . music, books and movies. "And Marcy's a fine cook," Fess says triumphantly.

On their evenings together Marcy often cooks dinner for the two of them at her small apartment. Then they go to the Hollywood Bowl or the ballet or a concert. Or they just take a drive out to the beach at Santa Monica. And they talk endlessly, Fess says.

Fess kids Marcy a lot. He says, "I have kind of a crazy sense of humor." One night they were talking about music and they started naming off their favorite composers.—Bach, Haydn, Chopin, Brahms, Debussy.

Then Fess said, "Do you like Scuzzini?"

And Marcy answered without thinking, "Oh, yes! He's one of my favorites."

At that point Fess flicked an eyelash and Marcy realized that he had made it up. She kicked him on the shins.

"Oh, Fess Parker!" she railed at him. "Sometimes you make me so darned mad!"

Fess was awed when he recently made a personal-appearance tour and in city after city crowds of eight and ten thousand turned out to meet him. "All those wonderful young mothers who brought their youngsters and stood in line for hours," Fess says seriously.

Fess hopes to visit England in December. "To meet the people," as he put it. In the meantime he whiles his leisure moments playing his guitar, writing songs with his pal, Buddy Ebsen, taking tap dancing and piano lessons and strolling the Hollywood Hills with his fellow members of The Whippoorwill Walking and Talking Society.

He is humble about his success in Hollywood, and quite serious about his future. He wants to improve himself as an actor. And he hopes to marry one day and have "several children." But he says he's glad he waited this long before settling down.

"I've changed considerably in the last few years," Fess says. "And I might have made a mistake if I got married the first time I had the urge, when I was about eighteen. Now I have new responsibilities. It's a definite privilege to be where I am today. And I think I owe it to my studio and to my public not to make a fool of myself."

"I'm sort of independent in spirit. When I do marry I don't think she'll be an actress. I want a wife who'll be willing to make a career out of marriage. I want to be the one to bring home the bacon. And I hope she'll be plenty busy just taking care of me and our youngsters. I'm not looking for a glamour girl. I'll settle for a girl with warmth and honesty and a real sincerity about the important things like integrity and ideals."

"But marriage is for the future," says Fess Parker. "Right now I've got to do some travelin', and a lot more learnin'."

THE END

Who has the Baby-Soft Skin?

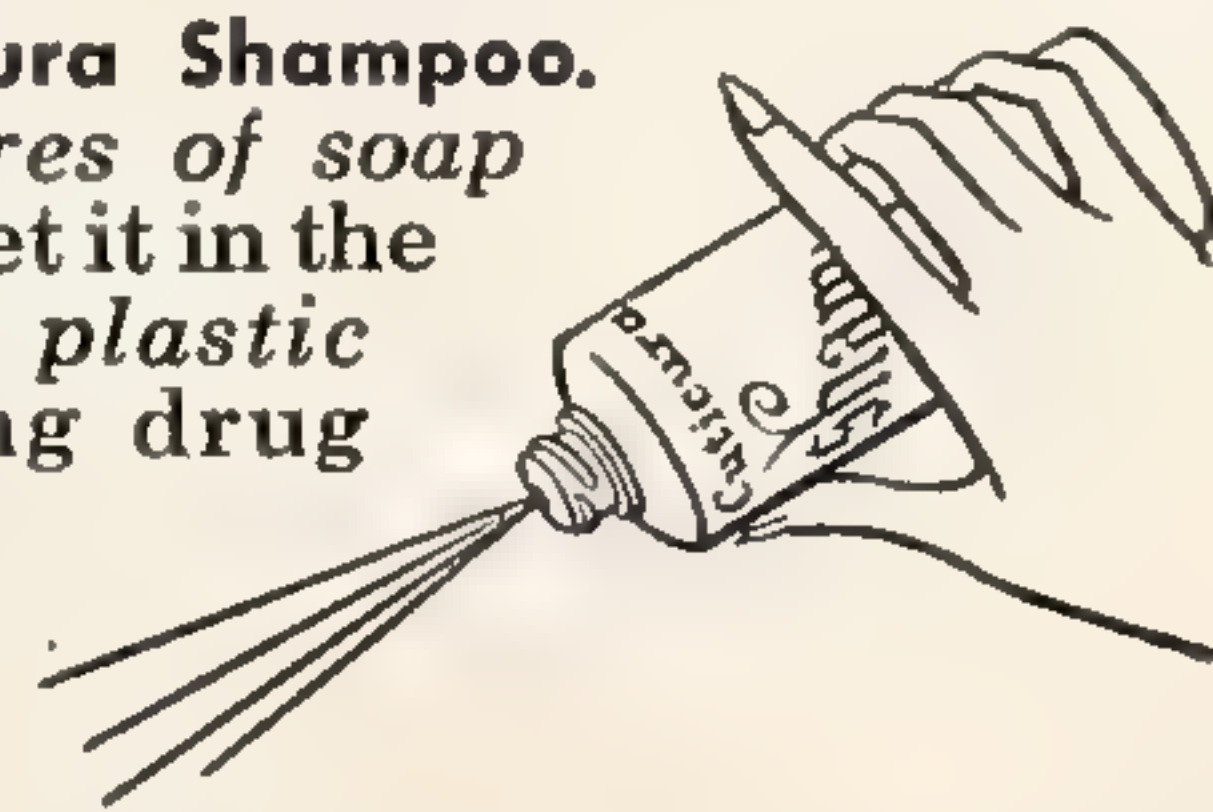
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Cuticura

(Continued from page 30)

to claim that the morals in Hollywood are spotlessly clean, without a single blemish to spoil their perfection. That would be idiotic and unrealistic. But I do claim that the morals here are equal to or better than those in most places, and the "sex and sin" that takes place is accounted for by the "lunatic fringe" that exists on the edge of any society, no matter where it is. And wherever you find it there are headlines, especially if the principal is a Hollywood star. And that's fine with the happy majority who find their reward in their own virtue.

At the height of the blow by blow Dick-Rita reputation-shattering headlines, another event took place that far overshadowed the Haymeses' difficulties and resounded to the credit of Hollywood. But because it was not a sensational story, it received little publicity. I'm talking about a party held at Ciro's by the Thaliens, a group of young actors and actresses dedicated to the cause of aiding mental health.

This group was organized only a short time ago for the purpose of doing something constructive for those who need help. It's headed by such youngsters as Debbie Reynolds, Lori Nelson, Gary Crosby, Hugh O'Brian, Dick Contino, Leigh Snowden. Membership is already past the 250 mark. The party at Ciro's was to raise money for this wonderful cause. And these young stars, who are very much typical of the average film player, collected \$12,000 to combat mental sickness.

I admit it would be kind of nice if the Dicks and Ritas of screenville would give their money to worthy causes, rather than having to pay lawyers to defend them in lawsuits which attract notoriety with a regularity that would arouse envy in a politician. Errol Flynn practically built his career on the front pages of the newspapers, and now that he seems to have hit the middle-aged quiet of life, along comes Edmund Purdom to fill the breach.

Although comparatively new in Hollywood, Purdom has shown an expert's finesse for snaring his share of adverse publicity because of his romance with Linda Christian, no mean space-snatcher herself. Their European shenanigans have made lurid copy and didn't exactly improve Hollywood's reputation in Europe. But the open pursuit of a married woman didn't exactly help Purdom's career over there—or here, either. His studio, M-G-M, is furious with him. And because of the bad publicity, Edmund lost the choice starring role in Graham Greene's "Loser Take All" in England. A case of being judged by his peers—and condemned.

All of these carryings-on have fed the appetites of the scandal-hungry and have dominated the headlines. Consequently, little is generally known other than the flamboyance of this small but over-publicized minority group.

But in a recent survey, statistics showed that the lives and loves of those in the motion picture industry are more circumspect than one could find almost anywhere else.

For instance, among the thousands who were questioned, 79 per cent were married and, of these, 70.1 per cent had never been divorced. This is almost 20 per cent above the national average, and bears out what James Cagney told me recently.

"I happened to sit in at a meeting of actors and studio executives the other day, and, after the business at hand had been taken care of, the discussion, for some reason or other, came around to marriage and divorce. There were about forty of us present. We made a quick tabulation, and

the results will surprise you. Of all of us there, only three had been married more than once, and the average length of marriage for all the others was twenty years. I'd say that's quite a record."

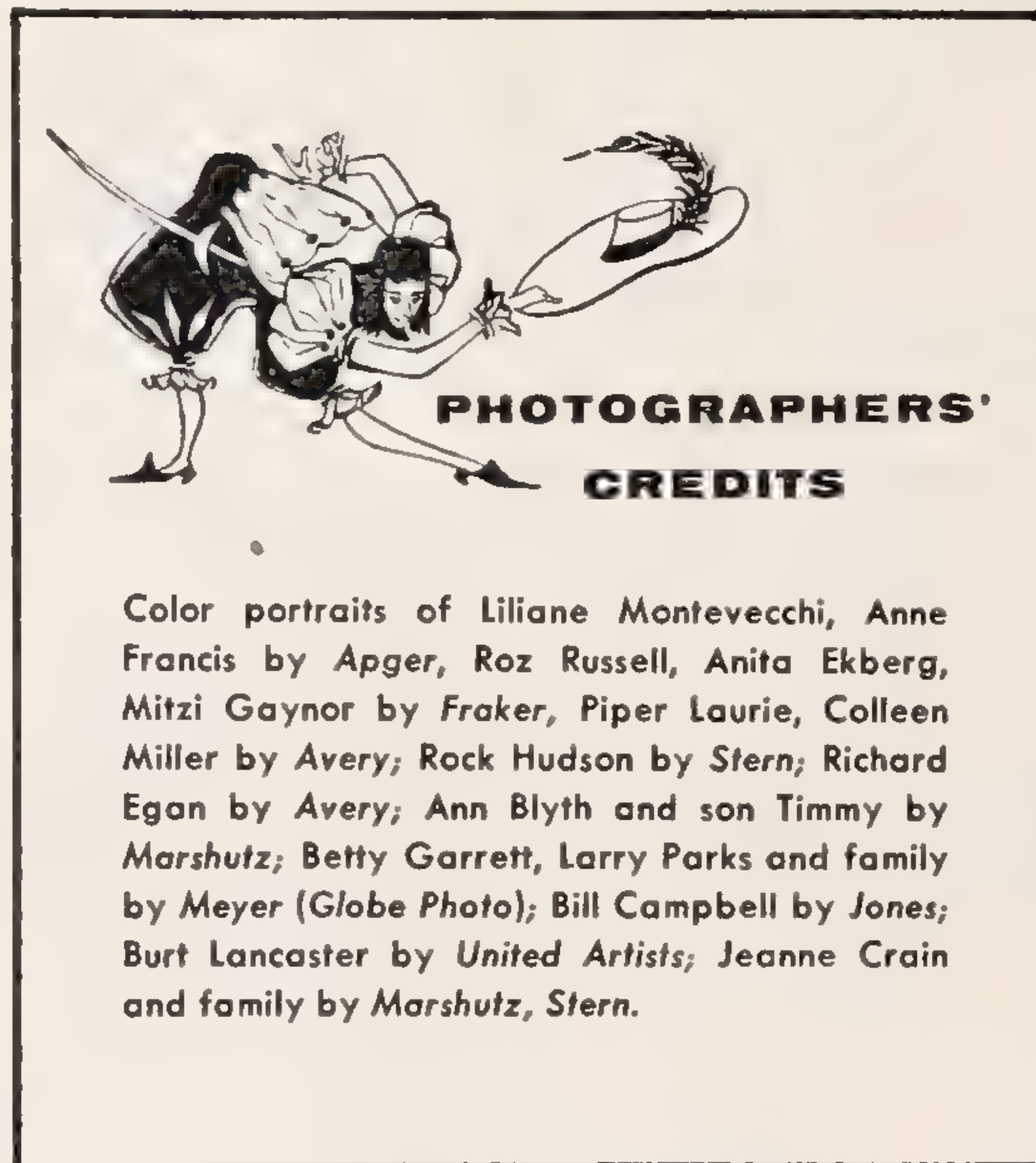
Jimmy himself has been married over thirty years—and to the same wife.

To the survey's question: "Do you or your family attend regular religious services?" 61.3 per cent answered in the affirmative. Again this percentage is considerably higher than the national average. And despite publicity to the contrary, there are as many churches in Hollywood as there are swimming pools.

There are other statistics I could quote, facts to reveal that almost half of those answering—41.3 per cent to be exact—never go to a night club, and a good portion of them never take a drink.

Whether it's the fault of the editors, reporters or the public, those who keep their morals intact, their noses and their reputations clean, seldom stir up the commotion that attends the carousings of the feral few.

It is very easy for those who so desire, to side-step the SIN that is supposedly capitalized in filmland. Kim Novak is one who has, and it hasn't hurt her climb to stardom. Kim, as you know, came out here from Chicago, was discovered and signed



Color portraits of Liliane Montevecchi, Anne Francis by Apger, Roz Russell, Anita Ekberg, Mitzi Gaynor by Fraker, Piper Laurie, Colleen Miller by Avery; Rock Hudson by Stern; Richard Egan by Avery; Ann Blyth and son Timmy by Marshutz; Betty Garrett, Larry Parks and family by Meyer (Globe Photo); Bill Campbell by Jones; Burt Lancaster by United Artists; Jeanne Crain and family by Marshutz, Stern.

to a contract by Columbia Pictures studio.

When she first arrived here, she took up residence at the famous Hollywood Studio Club, and is still living there although she could now well afford to buy a home and "live like a star." She prefers the Studio Club, which is run as strictly as a sorority at any college. Kim has confined her romance to one man, theatre executive Mac Krim, spends most of her free time studying dramatics, and, as she told me, "I say my prayers every night before retiring."

"Sin in Hollywood?" Pier Angeli's eyebrows went up when I asked her. She thought for a moment and then said: "Sin is a personal thing and has nothing to do with where a person lives. Of course, there is sin here just as there is every other place where people live. But Hollywood is no different from Rome where I came from. I haven't seen any 'bad' things in the five years I've been here, nor have I met any really 'bad' people."

"Certainly there's sex in Hollywood," Marilyn Monroe, the very epitome of it, told me once. "But most of it is on the screen. It's a very saleable commodity and it's here to stay. The picture industry was practically built on it, and maybe some of

it slips off the screen into the private lives of the stars."

Marilyn herself has been the subject of as many headlines as any star in film town's history. But the only sensational aspect of her story concerned the famous calendar pose. The consensus here is that Marilyn deserves admiration for her efforts to better herself as an actress and tone down the tenor of her personal life.

When it comes to "wolves," the Hollywood variety is no more ferocious than that found in any forest you might want to name. As Piper Laurie insisted to me: "If a man is going to be a problem, he's going to be a problem no matter where he is. The name of the city won't change his intentions. And it won't matter whether he's with a girl at a restaurant, a movie or in a car. A man is a man, no matter. And whether she's a star or a secretary, the way a girl handles a problem depends completely upon her moral training."

Mitzi Gaynor echoes Piper's sentiment: "I met my share of wolves here before I was married," she admitted cheerfully. "They were an experience but certainly no different from the variety that roam the entire country. All it takes is a strong will and an equally strong arm to keep them at a safe distance. I knew that some day I'd really fall in love and marry. The fact that I'd been in show business most of my life had nothing to do with my principles, nor could they be changed by this fact. I went through the growing pains like every girl does—and they hurt—I was engaged before, and followed with what I thought was love, but when I met Jack Bean I knew he was my man. This was real love, and I don't regret waiting for it."

This is the attitude of the majority of stars. As one actor expressed it, "Because we are in the limelight so much, we have to be more careful about the way we live our lives than other people."

Jeff Chandler once strayed from the tried-and-true love of his wife, Marge, to see how the other fraction of the Hollywood world lived. But he found those so-called treasure chests an empty void and returned to the fold of his family.

Rita Moreno hit the headlines briefly when she became involved in a scrap with the police. She kicked and fought them after they found her waiting for her then boy friend, Geordie Hormel, whom they wanted to question. Rita subsequently apologized for her fiery display of temper and since then has conducted her private life with perfect propriety.

Jane Powell, too, confused and unhappy about the breakup of her first marriage entered into a stormy romance with Geri Nelson but came to her senses in time to save herself from too many unsavory stories. She found her true love with Pat Nerney, and says she is happier now than she's ever been in her life. Liz Taylor also got on a merry-go-round of dismal gaiety and dreary headlines while still in her teens when she sailed on the ill-fated matrimonial voyage with Nicky Hilton that proved too rough for her to stomach. Now she is settled down with Michael Wildgen in a house of love and children.

Rory Calhoun, a victim of environmental experienced imprisonment for almost eight years, and was stamped an "incorrigible" by reformatories. But he overcame the beginning to turn into a respected and respectable citizen of our star-lit community. And where did this reformation take place, where was Rory given the chance to re-build his life? Right here in Hollywood, the capital of "sex and sin," as some people would have you believe.

THE END

WHAT'S SPINNING?

(Continued from page 63)

aybe." If they do, this is the ideal album for them.

"So Smooth," a new album by Perry Como, is on the RCA Victor label. Perry has earned the title of "Mr. Nice Guy" by being just that to so many of his viewers on television. However, he has his own particular smooth style when he gives it with a song, and this new album shows that he really can sing. Selections included "It's a Good Day," "I've Got the World on a String," "In the Still of the Night," "It's the Talk of the Town," "You Do Something to Me," "Breezin' Along with the Breeze" and "One for My Baby."

On Capitol label, the third in the series, "La Danza," with Carmen Dragon conducting the Hollywood Bowl Symphony Orchestra. This album is a terrific high-fidelity recording featuring "Tico Tico," "Tango in D," "Siboney" and "The Mexican Hat Dance." This is light semiclassical music with Spanish inflections on a hi-fi recording that has beautiful sound reproduction.

For Your Collection:

A tip to all of you who have been collecting 78 rpm records. Next year the companies are going to discontinue the 78 line. Only 45 rpm and 33 1/3 rpm records will be available. So start saving for that three-speed phonograph now and you won't be left out when the gang comes over to hear your records.

1. "Love and Marriage" on the Capitol label, sung by Frank Sinatra. Frankie does again.
2. "If I Can't Have the One I Love" singing in a style faintly reminiscent of the Ink Spots, by the Four Pals on the Roost label.
3. Eddie Fisher's "I Want to Go Where You Go" (RCA Victor).
4. On Columbia, The Four Lads singing "Moments to Remember."
5. "Only You," by the Platters on a Mercury. If you don't get this one, you'll be searching for a new crowd.
6. Joni James singing another tender love song on MGM, "You Are My Love."
7. For you Western fans, Webb Pierce has a new one called, "Love, Love, Love" on Decca.
8. The Fi-Tones, a new name in Rock and Roll, singing "Foolish Dreams" on Atlas label.
9. After their hit with "Why Don't You Write Me," The Jacks have another great one on their hands, "I'm Confessin'."
10. First came "Soldier Boy," now comes "Angels Say," sung by the Four Fellows on Mercury label.

THE END

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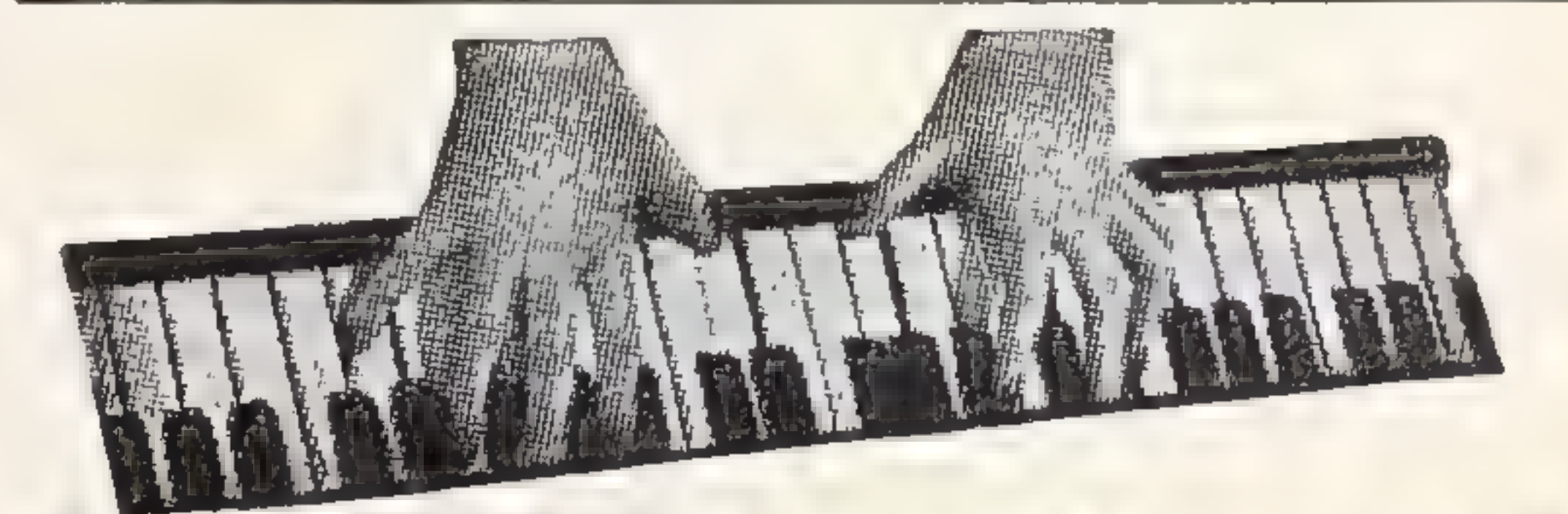
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ROBERT MITCHUM: THE MAN WHO DARED TO SUE

(Continued from page 37)

I decide to throw you out of here myself."

Needless to say, the muckraker grabbed his bowler hat and umbrella and departed without further delay.

Bob said later, "Can you imagine that punk trying to pull such a phony deal? And with me, of all people!"

Under the circumstances, the incident was ironic, to say the least. Bob is a man who hates scandalmongers like poison. This is based on an innate sense of moral honesty and decency. Plus a forthright belief in the essential rightness to be found in the philosophy of "live and let live."

Furthermore, only a few months before that, Bob had been made the target of a scurrilous attack in a scandal magazine. And, on May 9, 1955, he had replied by filing in Santa Monica Supreme Court a \$1,000,000 libel suit for damages to his "professional reputation as an actor." He further alleged that he and his family had been subjected to "public scandal, embarrassment, disgrace, contempt and ridicule." And he contended that they had been caused "great mental anguish, shame and humiliation."

To file this action and invite the further notoriety of a public court fight took plenty of guts on Bob's part. But he says simply, "It was something that had to be done."

For many months now, scandal magazines have victimized the top stars of Hollywood. Bob Mitchum believes that the only way to put a stop to this outpouring of invective is to fight back as he is doing.

"It's a matter of principle with me," Bob says, "rather than a great concern for financial returns. If we can get a judgment in this case—and I feel sure that we can—then we'll be in a position to go to Washington and ask for Congressional action."

Why haven't other stars filed similar suits for libel? Bob says that's not an easy question to answer.

"I used to see my friends being defamed and mauled around in each new issue that hit the stands," Bob says. "Some of the stuff that was printed about them was really sickening. And why didn't they try to do something about it? Well, frankly it's hard to say. I think the general attitude was that most stars preferred to ignore the whole thing rather than get tangled up in a dirty court fight. Some of the stories have been just too ridiculous and far-fetched, and I guess they didn't want to dignify them even to the extent of making a formal denial."

"But personally I don't feel that way about it. I think it's a case of fighting for your honor and your good name. You know there is a tremendous power in the written word. People are inclined to believe what they read in magazines. They say, 'If it's printed it must be true. And if it's not true, how come they are able to get away with it?'"

"And that's the whole point: They shouldn't be allowed to get away with it. They shouldn't be allowed to get rich by printing lies and smut."

Mitch went on, "Of course it seemed almost inevitable that the scandalmongers would someday get around to me. Before they did, I used to wonder just how they would manage it. After all, my life has been pretty thoroughly publicized in the last few years. Everything there ever was to say about me had already been said. So I couldn't figure out just how they'd be able to attack me. Then the magazine finally came out with a completely fantastic story. The allegations were absolutely without the slightest basis in fact. And that tore it."

"This, as I say, was a matter of principle

with me," Mitch went on. "It could very definitely affect my career as an actor. It deeply concerned my wife and my two sons and my baby daughter, Petrine. And it also concerned my respect for the law of the land. That left me with no alternative but to take legal action against them."

"In the past, you remember, I've had my troubles. I've made my mistakes, if you want to call them that, and I've taken my lumps. The law has made me pay the penalty when I was in the wrong, and that's as it should be. But that was a long time ago. Ever since, I have lived with my family as a decent, moral citizen. And now I expect the law to work both ways. Now I'm on the right side of the fence, and I expect the law to protect me from the wrongs of others."

When Bob needed legal advice he went to see the nationally famous trial lawyer, Jerry Giesler, who had counseled him so well before. Giesler spoke to him as a friend as well as an attorney at law. He warned Bob that if he took his case into court he would surely be subjected to considerable personal embarrassment, inconvenience and expense. There was also the possibility of public name calling. These things, Giesler explained, had undoubtedly deterred other top Hollywood stars from filing suits for slander.

Mitch brushed these matters aside. "They're not important to me," he said. "What is important is to clear my good name and put a stop to this kind of dirty journalism. You have assured me that I have a good case for legal action, and now I want to go ahead with it."

"Good," Jerry Giesler said. "You have guts and you have gumption."

It is a well-known fact that Bob Mitchum has plenty of intestinal fortitude, both physically and morally. He has faced criticism and censure on many occasions, and he has stood up to them forthrightly and as a man of conscience. He is not given to bellyaching about a turn of bad luck. He has never carped about "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune." But in this case he believes that he is entitled to a fair shake from the law.

Many of Bob's friends feel that he has had more than his share of unfavorable publicity. One of them says, "Mitch is accident-prone. When one is about ready to happen, fate seems to take him by the hand and lead him to the scene of action."

A case in point is the now-famous unveiling of Simone Silva in which easy-going Bob became the fall guy in her flagrant bid for international publicity. More recent was the alleged dunking incident on the "Blood Alley" production location which resulted in Bob's replacement in the picture. Of this Bob says, "The story about me pushing someone in the water was complete fabrication. The first I knew of it was when a London newspaper phoned me the next morning. That was when I learned I was out of the picture, too."

As it happened, this proved to be only a momentary pause in Bob's career. For he returned to Hollywood and stepped right into another picture, "Man with the Gun," which at this writing looks to be a hit of major proportions. So a bad break was turned into a good one for Bob and for Samuel Goldwyn, jr., who produced the picture.

"When we originally planned 'Man with the Gun,'" says Goldwyn, jr., "we wanted Bob for the top role in this off-beat Western. The part of a gun-slinging peace marshal was perfectly suited to him. He had read the script, and he liked it very much. But at the time he was all tied up with

other picture commitments. Then, when I suddenly became available, we started our production rolling at once."

At first, however, the members of the "Man with the Gun" company were a little on the wary side. But any fears they may have had proved to be groundless.

"Mitch never gave anyone a bad moment," says director Richard Wilson. "I was never late for work and he stuck right to his knitting. He worked very hard to help us bring the picture through on schedule. He's a great performer and I really know his business. He's a real pro."

However, Bob did pop off on at least two occasions. The first was the time they were shooting the big fire scene that burned down a wooden saloon, and the director wanted to use a stunt man to double for Bob.

"Nuts to that!" Mitch said flatly. "I use to be a stunt man myself back in the day when I got my start playing in Hopalong Cassidy pictures, and I can still do the work. No double for me."

So they set the saloon on fire and shot the scene. As soon as the fire had really caught hold, Mitch was to walk out with the limp body of the villain slung over his shoulder. Bob waited so long for the blaze to get good and hot that the backs of his shirt and pants were scorched and smoking. But the body he carried out was not really the villain. It was a double.

On the other occasion Bob's irrepressible sense of humor cropped out as it apt to do in the face of affectation, pomposity, or phony pretense. An arty-type interviewer visited the set and queried Bob about his acting technique.

"Are you," asked the interviewer, "of the Stanislavsky school of acting? Or the Vachtangoff school?"

"Neither," said Bob keeping his face serious, and with his tongue only slightly in his cheek. "I am strictly a product of the Smirnoff school of acting."

Actually, in the past Bob has studiously avoided referring to himself as an actor at all. The term he uses is "salesman." This stems from the fact that for many years his name on the theatre marquee has been like money in the bank for exhibitors and producer alike. As a result he has often been cast in pictures equipped with poorer-than-average scripts in order to salvage them and "sell" them.

This rankles Bob. On occasion his snarling abhorrence of bad movie writing has soared to heights of multicolored invective. But at the same time he has always been a philosopher of sorts. He believes that you often have to take the bitter with the better. Many times he has worked long hours doctoring and rewriting a sick script. Which, coupled with his own fine performance, has turned a mediocre picture into a good one.

At this point in his career Mitch is no longer under studio contract. He is strictly a free lance, with the privilege of picking and choosing his own scripts. As a result he has appeared in a spate of unusual fine pictures including "Track of the Cat," "Night of the Hunter," "Not as a Stranger," and the aforementioned "Man with the Gun." At the same time he has run a new histrionic gamut from the sadistic, psalm-singing psychopath in "Night of the Hunter" to the idealistic young doctor in "Not as a Stranger."

When Bob was first signed to play the sensitive Lucas Marsh in "Not as a Stranger," a great many Hollywood critics regarded it as a new low in miscasting. In the face of this audible disapproval, Bob approached his task with characteristic thoroughness and sincerity. His perform-

once became a *tour de force* of power and brilliance. As a result, the picture was a smash hit both artistically and financially.

One example of the way movie-makers regard Bob's abilities as an actor was the offer he recently received in Paris. A combine of Swedish and French producers made him a flat guarantee of \$3,000,000 tax free for his exclusive services for two years. Bob shrugged and said, "No thanks." His reasons? "I have a home and family in Beverly Hills, California. I like it there. I don't want to move to Europe."

There is one more reason: Mitch doesn't want to be under contract to anyone. He is enjoying a feeling of real independence these days. He doesn't want to be tied down to any one locale or any particular type of story. He wants to be able to knock off between pictures and spend some time with Dorothy and the kids; and perhaps take the boys hunting and fishing. To do this he has formed his own company.

"We have just finished shooting 'Foreign Intrigue' in Stockholm, Nice, Versailles and Paris," Bob says. "We spent four months in Europe, and it was worth it to get real authentic backgrounds. Now that we have it in the can, we'll start on a new one to be called 'Bandido.' We'll shoot this one in Mexico."

Bob has always loved to travel, but he says he had to stick to business on this European trip. "We had the cameras rolling nearly every day and I didn't have much time off. However I did manage to get up to Oslo, Norway to visit some aunts and uncles and cousins on my mother's side. Of course Dorothy was with me the whole trip. And Jimmy and Chris flew over, when their school was out, and met us in Paris. I think the boys had a wonderful time. And Dorothy did a lot of shopping, too. She went to all the Paris showings at the famous dressmakers like Dior, Balmain and Jacques Fath. But she didn't buy anything. She told them, 'I prefer to get my clothes at home in Beverly Hills.' That's my girl. Me? I had a good time I guess, but it was mostly work. Anyway, I don't particularly enjoy traveling around where I have to stay at fancy hotels. You know, I'm just a bum at heart."

Bob Mitchum has always been a fascinating enigma to his friends as well as the general public. And after more than a hundred movies made over a period of twelve years, the puzzle still remains unsolved.

How do you rationalize the busted-profile of a pugilist with the ability to write lyric poetry? Can you figure a guy who talks like a realist and acts like an idealist? Where do you start to unwind the peculiar paradox of a self-styled black-dyed cynic who is reduced to abject slavery by a pat of his baby daughter's chubby hand?

Many writers have attempted to analyze the Mitchum personality, but few have even scratched the surface. The reason is simple: Mitch is a complete individualist. He is unique. Like *Don Quixote*, he has often tilted at the windmills and, on occasion he has been unhorsed. If so, having bled quietly and without murmur of complaint, he has always remounted and hoisted up the lance to take another run at it.

Lacking his rugged qualities, some of Bob's friends seem convinced that, when he filed his \$1,000,000 libel suit to clear his name of slander, he engaged another windmill. Even so, Old Rob will surely keep charging and fighting for his principles and his ideals. For as his friend Jerry Giesler says, "He has guts and he has gumption." And in this age of sometimes doubtful chivalry, these are virtues greatly to be admired.

THE END



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SHOULD A GIRL GO STEADY?

(Continued from page 61)

weeks we saw each other constantly—and quarreled constantly. He became extremely possessive; I found many things about him I didn't like and he recited all the things about me that marred our idyl. After each squabble he'd say, "Do you still want to go steady?" and I'd say "If you do." But after a fortnight I returned his letter sweater and gold football and I was dating again. I wanted to meet and know a lot of boys in high school. I even dated the football hero of a rival high school, so that I could go not only to our own high-school prom, but to his, too!

During my junior and senior high-school years I was ambitious to become as good an actress as possible. I was studying singing, dancing and dramatics; also spent time at swimming, skiing, tennis and golf; had many hobbies. So I was much more likely not to get too absorbed in an attachment to any boy. Even today I still don't believe in dating one man exclusively.

Why are high-school girls and boys so cold on steady dating? "Date insurance" is the No. 1 reason, according to teenagers I've spoken with on my personal-appearance tours around the country. "It's for anything that comes up." And it was the same reasoning that caused so much steady dating when I was in Glendale High.

Personally I didn't then—and I don't now—consider "date insurance" a good enough reason. It's too stiff a price to pay. Why saddle oneself with a boy?

Say Jane is at the prom with her steady date, Joe. She's dancing with Joe who's struggling not only with his first dinner jacket but also with his foot-crunching dance technique which apparently finds him spending more time on Jane's toes than on the floor. Then another boy notices her. "Who's that dreamy redhead?" he asks a friend. "Oh, she's Joe's steady." Bang! There goes Jane's chance to meet a new boy—one who might prove much more suitable. For there is no basis of comparison if you date one person exclusively.

Why should a girl remove all competition? The steady-dater has no incentive to keep on her toes because she has no opponents. So she may neglect herself. And is it a good idea for a boy to know that he need merely pick up the phone to be as-

sured of a date? Isn't it better for him to exert a little charm—to really work to get a date? I know boys feel that steady dating saves the expense of all that "jingling money" in making a big impression on a series of girl friends. That may be true, but also when a boy takes a girl for granted there are broken dates or late arrivals or the horror of that uncertain date ("Bill hasn't said we'd go definitely").

Then, too, what happens to Jane after she has paired off for a long time and is out of circulation? Or if he moves to another town? Or goes away to college? Then Jane is high and dry. When all the others are paired off, it's tough for her to start all over again. Then there is the complicating business of breaking off.

Still, there are those who believe that steady dating in high school is the living end. A bright and pretty girl whom I met in Florida when I was making a picture there told me, "I'm all for steady dating. I think there's lots to be gained in getting to know one boy really well; it gives you a chance to learn much about yourself and about each other that you won't any other way. A girl who goes with a great number of boys may become too hard to please—even a bit blasé—before she settles on one boy for her future husband. When a boy dates a girl once or twice both have company manners and dress. Under the circumstances it's hard to get to know anyone really well. But in steady dating both the boy and girl see each other when they're messy, maybe cross and snappy."

This girl, I'm sure, would be impressed, as I was, in a psychology course, to hear that marriage counselors believe that today a boy and girl need to know at least 25 persons of the other sex, to date at least a dozen of them before they are ready and qualified to select a life-mate. Teenagers who keep themselves fancy-free, who go in for diversified dating are more apt to gain the necessary social experience, emotional maturity and judgment to select the right marriage partner when the time comes. Most boys and girls go through several heart-shattering relationships in the process of maturing.

Most parents frown on early dating, but I believe early dating in groups is desirable. Because then a girl learns to feel at

home with boys, neither shy and self-conscious nor boisterous and uncontrolled. The girl who is tongue-tied and ill-at-ease at 17 is generally the one who wasn't allowed to date earlier.

It's true that going steady is considered a problem by mothers everywhere. Yet today I understand that some 25% of the high-school crowd are "spoken for" and in some schools the figure runs to 50%. "At our school," a girl told me in the Midwest "if you don't find someone to go steady with by October, you just don't date the year. Everyone is all tied up. And they see each other from two to seven nights a week, refuse to date all others, exchange rings or wear matching clothing to show that they go steady. Of course, it's important to get the item in the gossip column of the school paper. At least four columns a month are devoted to items on couples going steady, those on the verge or those breaking up. Mostly steady-daters feel free to hold hands in public, do more necking after dates than do non-steady couples and call themselves 'divorcees' when they finally break up. At our school the freshman class, worried about possibly being dateless at prom time, pledge themselves four years in advance to be sure to have dates. Actually, most of us admit we don't think it's such a hot idea to go steady because we ought to be meeting a lot of people at this time of our lives.

So we see that going steady is really a serious problem and it's no wonder that school personnel, parents and teenagers themselves are concerned. Today, girls as well as boys, whether they decide to go steady or not, must be prepared to fit into a high-school pattern in which popularity and social acceptance are obviously determined by the single question: Does he or she go steady? The strange hold that going steady has over many high schools could be broken if the most popular boys and girls would go in for diversified dating. The others would then follow.

Even though I don't approve of going steady, all the signs appear to indicate that it's here to stay. And parents who forbid the practice are unwise, I believe. Because then adolescent rebellion may make more serious a boy-girl relationship that might normally wear itself out in a few weeks. When the home environment is happy and normal, when there is a strong religious background in the home, going steady will be relatively harmless. Mother always encouraged open house for my gang when I was a teenager—and even later.

One thing I believe in strongly is that girls should discuss their social life with their mothers—steady dating and all the other date problems. Between my mother and me there has always been a wonderful give-and-take. It's based on an easygoing, complete understanding.

"But mother is so ancient," a teenage girl will sigh. "She's thirty-eight. How can she discuss rock and roll versus ballads or should I go back to a pony tail and let my Italian hair cut grow out?" Just remember that mother has been through her teen years too, and she knows the answers. And she's been through the horror of that first date. "What will we talk about? Will he like me in pink and the way I've done my hair?" Certainly mother had dates. For there's dad to prove it!

Chances are that mother will agree with me that it's better to play the field during the time you're mastering the ABC's of social dating. I realize I'm in the minority. And I know that ranked against me are all those thousands of teenagers who say "going steady—go, go, go!"

THE END

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(Signed) MEYER DWORKIN, Secretary-Treasurer

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 27th day of September, 1955.

(SEAL)

TULLIO MUCELLI

Notary Public, State of New York.
No. 03-8045500. Qualified in Bronx County.
(Commission expires March 30, 1956)

(Continued from page 39)

She went. "I don't know what that lieutenant said," Betty claims, "but I was trotting along at what I thought was a good pace, considering the spike heels I was wearing and the holes in the pier, when suddenly I heard the sound of a real stampee just behind me. I glanced over my shoulder and there was no mistaking what they were after. I had to get out of there; never ran so hard in my life."

Having learned at an early age that to take life seriously is to play it the hard way, warnings are not for Betty. She may play the supersensible, cautious, hard-working *Ruth* in the picture, but off-screen she's much more like fun-loving, unpredictable *Eileen*—hardheaded enough when she has to be, but otherwise full of beans in a delightful way and more fun than a barrel of slightly zany monkeys.

In New York last summer on one of the hottest days of the hottest summer in its history, she came galloping into her air-conditioned suite at the Sherry-Netherland dressed in a skirt of heavy wool tweed with a long-sleeve woolen jersey top. Pressing against the air-conditioner, her face several shades redder in color than usual, she explained her incongruous dress.

"This," she said, "is part of Janet Leigh's wardrobe. I was modeling it for a winter issue of a fashion magazine—at noon. The photographer was late, I had another sitting, and that photographer was late, so when I was late for a tv show. In the rushing around, I went to the wrong studio and had to dash seven blocks up Broadway because the traffic was so bad. There was never any time to change."

Such an afternoon is fairly routine to this Garrett gal, and she takes it in stride—even though the quite incredible job she has just done in "Eileen" follows several years of mainly being a wife and mother of two boys in Beverly Hills, where in PTA circles she is known as Mrs. Larry Parks. But even running a home never gets pedestrian to Betty.

The house Betty and her family live in, at the foot of a canyon near Beverly Hills, is a very old one that was built on an original Spanish land grant. The lumber for it was sailed around the Horn. "Imagine!" said Betty, "with all that free adobe and all those redwoods just up the coast a piece!"—and it sat there a hundred years.

Then Hollywood Boulevard came right through the front yard, and the neighborhood became very chic and very expensive, and a lot of movie people began building all around until the land grant had shrunk to five acres. And there sat the house, too old and small to attract the *Legris* or *Valentinos*, but too strongly built to fall down, until Betty came along with her exuberance and youth to redecorate it, fill it with laughter and a new generation.

Unfortunately, California canyons have a tendency to flood during heavy rains. This has happened three times in the past ten years and the Parks family never failed to be in residence.

The first time, they were merely half-drowned. The municipal government hereupon stepped in, determined to prevent such future disasters, and created a storm-drain that ran the length of the canyon and, of course, between the road and the land grant, reducing the latter by another four yards and isolating the property except by bridge. Thus, the next flood not only nearly drowned our little family but marooned it for three days.

"It was not long after Christmas," Betty explained, "so there was nothing in the house but fruitcake and chocolates. We

gave the fruitcake to the children and neither Larry nor I has been able to stand a chocolate since."

Betty grew up in Seattle, that sprawling, lusty, rollicking city so full of color and excitement that it lends its spirit to its children. Actually, she'd been born in St. Joseph, Missouri, but Curtis Garrett, her father, was a traveling salesman, and Seattle was where he and his family happened to be when he'd died. She can remember the week after his funeral.

Her mother, Octavia, was moving dazedly around the small apartment, packing odds and ends. "Why," asked Betty, "are we leaving here?"

"Because," said Octavia, never one to mince words, "the rent's up and we haven't any money."

"But where are we going?"

Mrs. Garrett sat down suddenly on the sofa, placed the tips of her fingers against her eyes, and said, "I don't know, honey."

Betty regarded her mother for a moment, then went to put her arm around her. "Why, don't cry, Mom," she said. "It doesn't matter. We'll get along."

Octavia looked up into the steady young eyes. "You mean that? You're not afraid?"

"We'll get along fine," Betty said.

Mrs. Garrett finished packing and the two of them started trudging the wintry Seattle hills in search of a cheap room.

"That's the way it went," Betty remembers now. "Mother got a job selling sheet music in a music store—you can imagine how much she made in those days of the mid-thirties. We were constantly on the move. When we looked at a room we had two qualifications in mind: Was it clean and was there a way we could sneak out in the dead of night when the time came?"

"The time always came. We never stayed in one place more than six months, and that long only if things were going well. But if there was a doctor's bill, or one of us had to have new shoes—well, we'd stall as long as we could, and then fold the old tents and silently steal away."

They ate as cheaply as possible and as little as possible, and that was that. But Betty was not unhappy. Every afternoon after school she got to go to the music store and play records in one of the unoccupied booths until quitting time. This was the enchanted part of the day. Here in the little glass cubicle, cut off from all sound of the world outside and alone with the spinning turntable and an endless wealth of records, she could sit in with the greatest recording artists of the day—the Boswell Sisters, Glenn Miller, the Dorseys.

She found herself singing along, learning the arrangements, improvising parts for herself. There is no better way to teach yourself something than to study and practice endlessly with people who are better than you are; Betty had the time, the will and the talent, and her teachers were the best.

While she was still in school, she heard about a scholarship that was being offered by the Annie Wright Seminary, a private girls' finishing school with the highest of standards and the flossiest of reputations. Betty set out to win that scholarship. Already it was apparent that she was no ordinary teenager. Perhaps because of the loneliness and privation of her life, maybe because she hadn't the money to dress for boys or go around with the usual gang of girl friends, she was able to concentrate on the one thing she wanted most.

Some poems she wrote shifted the balance in her favor. She got the scholarship. And now here was a curious thing. "All the other girls were rich and hated being sent away to boarding school," she says. "They

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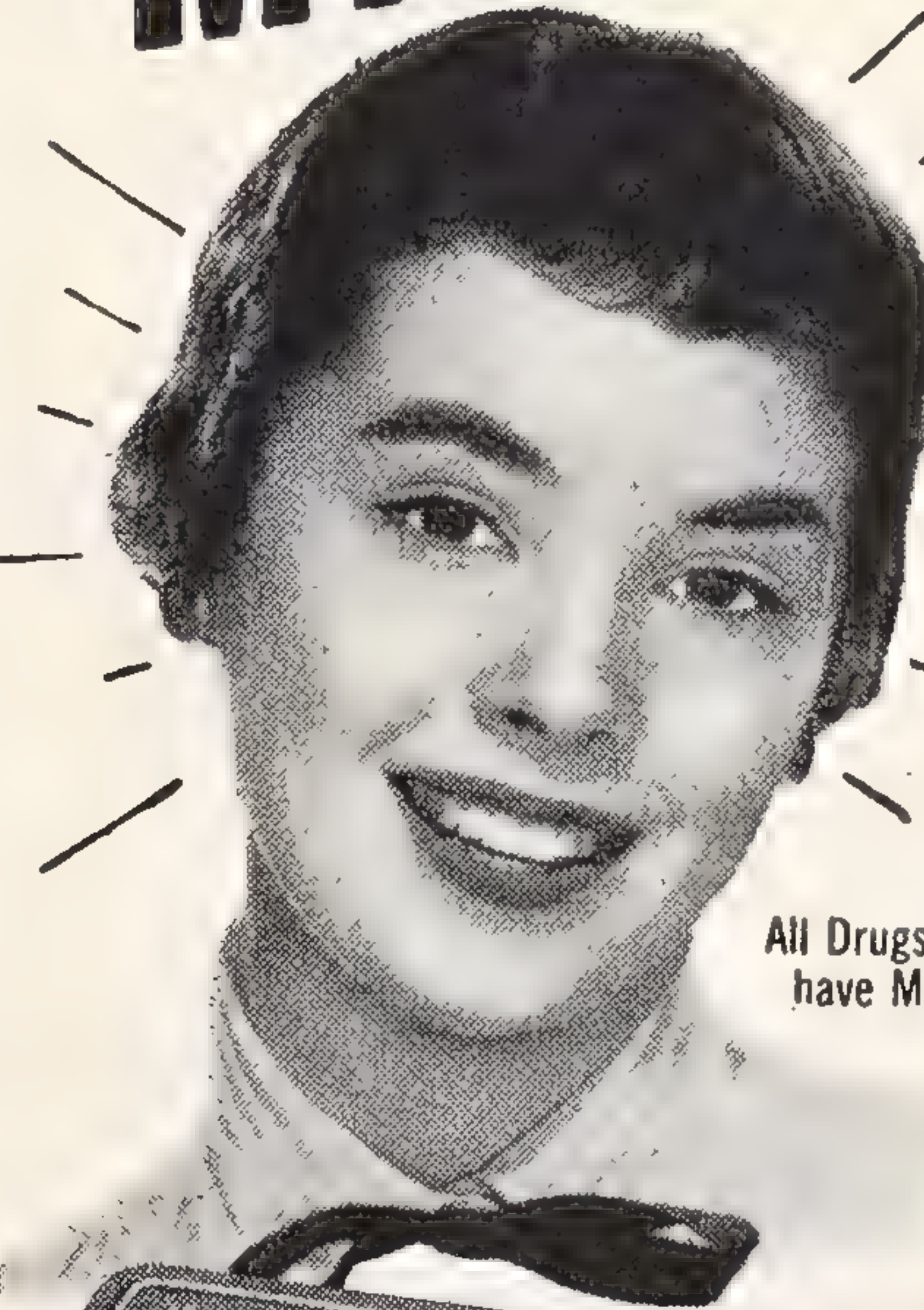


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gripped all the time. I couldn't understand why. There was a bowling court and a pool, and I had three meals a day and a room of my own! I was in paradise."

Betty not only graduated with honors, she used her time there to such good advantage that she emerged with another scholarship, this time to the Neighborhood Playhouse in New York. She knew, now, what the future held for her. She was going to be an actress and nothing in the world was going to stop her.

New York, she realized the moment she stepped off the train in Grand Central, was her town. She knew it instantly. The noise, the bigness, the drama—yes, even the sense that you could do anything here, anything big enough to fit your dreams.

She'd come to the Big City to make her mark, and make it she would, but, golly, she was going to have the time of her life doing it. She didn't have any money, aside from her scholarship to the Playhouse, but all that was a minor matter to the girl who had pinched pennies all her life. It took her only a day to find a job as an elevator girl. Then she was off.

The energy, the lighthearted ebullience that made her so successful at the Playhouse wouldn't allow her to stay cooped up in an elevator very long, so she got a job as a saleslady where she could talk to people. She didn't have too much time for dates but, being Betty, she made time for some—and one of the boys she saw on occasion was Larry Parks, who was with the Group Theatre nearby.

Theirs was just a casual friendship then, in those early days just before the war. They were kids, and they had their careers to attend to. Betty, after she left the Playhouse, started hers singing in a smoky Village night club called the Village Vanguard, birthplace of many a great star. She loved it, the low-ceilinged, smoky atmosphere, the blasé crowds who had to be shown before they'd look up from their drinks, the late hours—everything.

From there she went to La Martinique in New York, the Drake in Chicago, and lots of other glittering night spots. But she wanted to act, and in 1942, with the war in full blast, she signed to appear in "Let Freedom Ring" on Broadway. That was the beginning. She was in "Something for the Boys" that same year, also understudying the star, Ethel Merman (who wouldn't get sick for nobody), and she sang in "Jackpot" with Alan Jones.

Then, in 1944, she went to Hollywood to do another night-club stint at the Clover Club which was once one of the most glamorous gambling dives in the world but now, divested of its locked steel gate and

aura of sin, just another Hollywood cabaret. It was there, one evening, that some mutual friends introduced her (they thought) to Larry.

He had told them casually, half-joking, that he was ready to take a wife. "No Hausfrau for me," he'd said. "I want a beautiful girl who has a career of her own. And one without skinny legs!"

Both Betty and Larry remembered the happy days in New York, the hamburgers and shared sodas, the trip to Coney Island, the evenings at off-Broadway theatres, the good companionship. Now both of them were in the big time. Years and experience had lent a gloss, an awareness to both. Betty, who had been pretty, was beautiful now, and Larry, once just a good-looking boy, was one of the handsomest men in Hollywood.

They were old enough to know—at least to recognize real love when it came along. They were married early in September, that year, and neither for one moment has regretted it.

At first, Betty treated marriage with the same blithe insouciance and disregard of danger with which she had always faced everything. She and Larry swam in the Pacific when the offshore storms would send them the biggest breakers and the strongest undertow. They skied the steepest, most dangerous slopes while other people huddled in lodges around safe and sane fireplaces or sensibly stayed home.

When Larry, who all his life had yearned for a big flashy motorcycle, finally bought one—knowing that his studio and manager would shriek to heaven and wring hands over this dangerous nonsense—he brought his beautiful wheel home with some apprehension. What would Betty say?

She gazed at the shiny monster with hands ecstatically clasped before her. "Oh," she said softly, "it's gorgeous." Then she scrambled onto the seat behind him and wrapped both arms tightly around his waist. "Okay, boy!" she yelled, "Let's go!"

"I loved every minute I spent riding that lovely thing," she says. "Swoosh—up along Mulholland Drive at night, with the stars all out. Zoom—down Sunset to the beach. I learned to drive it in no time," she adds.

"But then the kids started getting bigger, and things changed, and it just didn't seem so darned dignified to go barging around on a motorcycle any more. I couldn't look when the man who bought it took it away."

But as time went on and it became obvious that she and Larry were going to be separated often, she had to reach some sort of sensible attitude about love, home, children, career and the marriage in general.

All around her, actors and actresses

were taking off for Rome or England or Spain—alone—and she watched aghast as, one by one, their respective spouses up and divorced them after a few months.

"You can always find half-a-dozen excuses for a bust-up after a long separation," Betty said. "The gossip columns, another man or another girl—whatever. But the truth is, people change. They change week after week and month after month, and if they're not around to do this changing bit together, or at least observe it, they meet again after a time and they're strangers. And strangers who have once been in love for a number of reasons are unlikely to fall in love again because of a whole new set of reasons."

"So there you are, strangers to one another, and nothing to be done about it, and the kids are the biggest losers."

The young, happy, robust and hell-raising sons of Betty and Larry are not about to be losers through any game their parents may play, now or ever. Betty quite frankly cuts up her year, a few weeks for a picture, a few weeks at home, a few weeks on the road and so on.

"When you've got a tenth wedding anniversary under your belt, you know you're on the right track," Betty said. "When I'm home, I'm really home. Gary, who's five, and Andy, a year younger, go to school during the winter. In the summertime, the neighborhood mothers and I pitch in to hire a teacher who comes three times a week. But we all have to do a lot of work. When I know I have to go away for six weeks, I double up on the time I give while I'm there."

When Betty and Larry are away, Betty's mother—who lives across the street—moves right in and takes over. But Betty manages to keep pictures of the boys with her wherever she is. When you visit Betty on her travels, she will bring out drawings the boys have made, precocious studies that tell better than anything else how smart they are, how alert, how talented.

"The big one is the boss, but Andy's the imp," grins Betty. "Gary did these enormous colored jobs," she'll say, "but get this one Andy made!" And she'll show you a pencil drawing that looks like a vine with a dozen heads growing on it, instead of leaves. "That's people going through a tunnel," she explains. "Wonderful?"

Larry, grinning from a corner of the sofa, will take her hand and give it a little squeeze. "Wonderful, sweetheart. Only it's people climbing a rope."

Later, as Betty rode a cab downtown to Times Square, where she had an appointment, she thought back to the past.

"That seminary was a very sedate school," she said pensively, "dedicated to turning girls into ladies. I guess it did, at that. I sometimes wonder what they all thought when they saw me out there wiggling my hips and belting out a song like 'South America, Take It Away!'"

A laugh, then, and a shrug for the past. "Those crazy walk-ups! Maybe they're why I don't mind tramping around so much today, why I don't have to have a mansion with a pool and all."

As she got out of the cab, the driver turned and asked, "Ain't you Betty Garrett?"

"Sure."

"I drove you every night from your hotel to the theatre, for over a year," he said, aggrieved, "and you don't remember me."

"Uh—"

"You was always late."

"Moe!" she cried. "Of course."

Horns honked around her and the rush-hour traffic lined up belligerently. Betty Garrett didn't hear a thing—she was happily lost in conversation.

THE END

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HER GUARDIAN ANGEL KISSED HER

(Continued from page 34)

For another it would be "hard not to despair."

When you are young and you lose a show you've wanted with all your heart—a show you need so badly to help support your family . . .

When you are sixteen and you watch out the window at life from a wheel chair and pray you will again become a part of that life someday . . .

And it's hardest not to despair when you lose the one you love most in this life, the one whose faith helped you walk again, whose love and faith had always walked with you every step of the way.

Ann Blyth and her pretty auburn-haired mother were as close as two people can be in this life. Together they had struggled toward a beautiful dream that in this year of 1946 was fast becoming reality. Ann had been among those nominated for Hollywood's highest honors. She was on the threshold of stardom, when her mother, Nan Blyth, realized she must leave Ann alone on life's stage to finish the show.

Like a page out of Damon Runyon, the night before she died Ann's mother gave her well-being into the safe keeping of her aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Tobin, and her career into the safe-keeping of two men. To a press agent, who had been close to them since the day he met them at the train and had taken the other hand of the little girl with the long dark brown curls and helped guide her through a motion-picture studio. And even more so, to a veteran theatrical agent who had discovered young Ann on the stage and who believed in her with all his loyal heart.

To them—and to Ann's Aunt Cis and Uncle Pat—these have been wonderful years. Their faith has been richly rewarded.

But Ann Blyth's life story began long before this, and faith was an important part of it—almost from the very hour of her birth.

Medical authorities called her "A Miracle Baby," which seemed no misnomer in the years to come.

She was born in Mt. Kisco, New York, where her mother was visiting her sister, Cis, and Uncle Pat, at the time. When she was two weeks old, she became ill, and the doctor summoned diagnosed it as polio. She was treated for polio for three weeks—when X rays revealed a deep abscess in her arm and she was taken to surgery immediately.

"They said it was a miracle she lived with an infection that had gone on for so long," Aunt Cis recalls now soberly.

But for her part, from the very beginning Ann Blyth looked back at the world with amazing blue eyes which seemed to see only the beautiful, and to never recognize the bad.

She spent most of the holidays and summers with her Aunt Cis and Uncle Pat at their farm in Stamford, Connecticut.

Here was a child's happy world of make-believe, rich with the magic of fairies and the laughter of leprechauns. The grounds of the farm were her sweeping stage. Her mother made the costumes and her adoring Uncle Pat provided the billing, making signs that read, "Ann Blyth—Five-Year-Old Radio Star" and "Five Years Old—Hollywood Next Stop." But even in later childhood years, "Hollywood seemed far away—just a lovely dream."

During the school year, Ann lived with her mother and older sister, Dorothy, in a small apartment four flights up on New York's 49th Street, but faith and hope lived with them and there was no sense of poverty there. Her mother's warmth and gaiety kept life's grimness ever outside.

"My mother could have been an actress. She was so lovely. I never saw her depressed or discouraged. There was always that wonderful smile. She had the greatest faith of any person I have ever known," Ann says.

Her mother was sure God had a plan for Ann, that someday all the good things would come. And at St. Boniface, a little church in the neighborhood, she would light another candle for her daughter's future happiness.

Her mother worked with strong tireless hands doing fine laundering, ironing, sewing and beauty work to pay for Ann's lessons in drama, singing and dancing at Ned Wayburn's studio. She dressed Ann beautifully, mostly from remnants of material and from bits of ribbon and flowers she found in the dime store. She made all her costumes including "one ballet costume I remember made of hundreds of tiny petals of crepe paper."

"I loved Ned Wayburn's. The studio occupied one whole floor of a building on Madison Avenue near Fifty-eighth Street, and I'll never forget walking through those double doors—and seeing the rows of pictures of personalities such as Fred Astaire and Marilyn Miller on the wall."

Her appearance in a big benefit show got her a glowing review from The Billboard magazine. They raved about "the really lovely tot," saying, "she possesses remarkable assurance and a generous supply of talent. She's capable of furnishing Temple opposition for any outfit on the lookout for a natural child performer."

Ann augmented the family income, performing on local radio stations. Her first heartbreaking disappointment came at 10, when a station informed her they'd decided not to do the radio serial they'd long discussed for her.

"It was a radio dramatization about two sisters. I was to play the younger sister, and it was not only to be my best opportunity thus far—but in those days we needed the money and a part in a daytime radio serial meant steady money coming in."

That afternoon she'll never forget. She was so unhappy, she went to a movie before she went home. She can't remember the picture, and she saw little of it anyway. "Don't be so unhappy about this. You must not be. You must have faith. Believe me, my darling, this is for the best," her mother comforted.

It was indeed for the best. If the radio serial had gone on and had been successful, Ann Blyth might still be there. One thing sure, she probably wouldn't have read for "Watch on the Rhine," which eventually brought her to Hollywood.

One Friday afternoon she read for Herman Shumlin. "He was so kind. Sometimes you can tell." When she left he said, "I want you to come back Monday and read for Lillian Hellman." And that week end, as Ann says, "We were very gay. There was so much excitement at home—I can't tell you." When the play went into rehearsal Tuesday, the part was hers.

Among the audience at the Biltmore Theatre when "Watch on the Rhine" played Los Angeles was a man who was to play so important a part in that future. It was agent Al Rockett.

"Ann was just a youngster of thirteen, but she had tremendous talent," Al Rockett says. "She had great projection, great stage presence and her potential as a fine dramatic actress was well evidenced." She also, he discovered, had a keen sense of comedy and later when U-I tested her, using a scene from "Peg O' My Heart," he found she had a "lovely immature singing voice. In all my forty years now in Holly-

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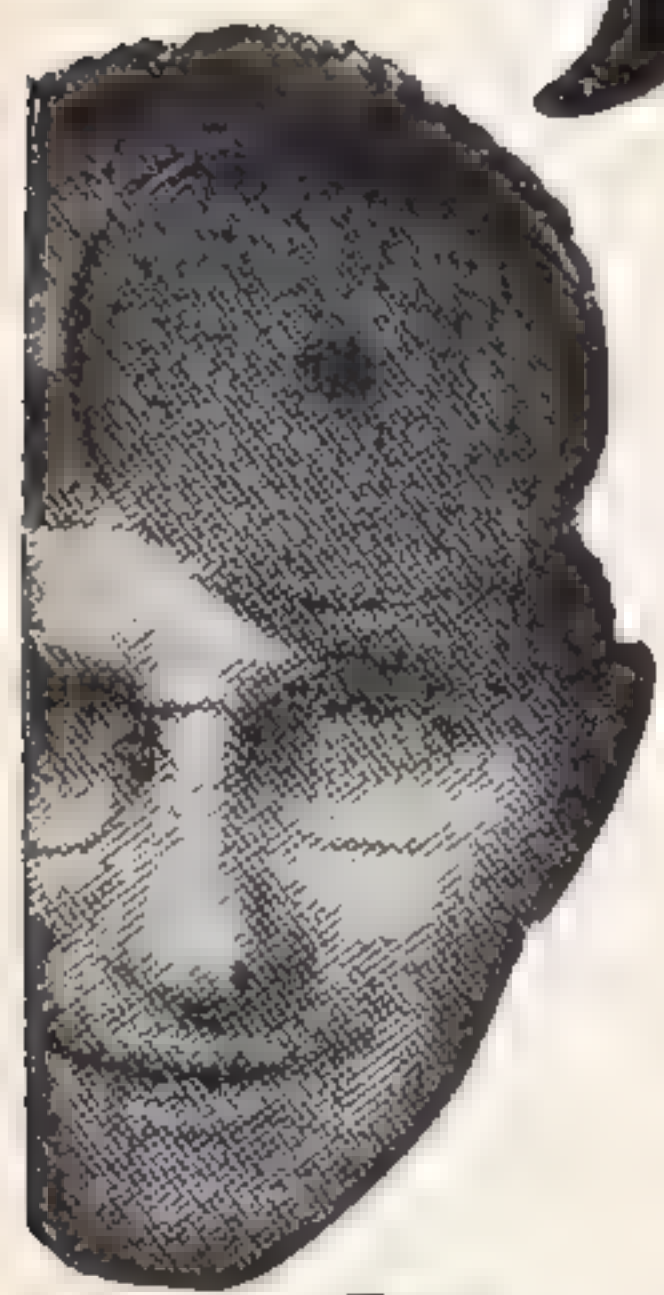
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wood, I've never run into another girl like Ann," the agent says slowly now.

Her U-I contract was effective when she completed her road tour. Aunt Cis and Uncle Pat Tobin saw Ann and her mother off at Pennsylvania Station. Uncle Pat beamed. His predictions had come true.

Studio press agent Frank McFadden met their train, little dreaming the part he would someday play in Ann's own drama.

"She was just a sweet little girl holding her mother's hand, a little afraid—it seemed to me. I took them out to the Hotel Knickerbocker, and since their room wasn't ready, we drove around a little while and I showed them the sights. I thought she was just another pretty child coming to Hollywood then." But in the days that followed, as he worked with her at the studio, "There was something else. She had quality that got you. She believed in everybody and in everything. This was just part of her nature—this strong belief. You couldn't help loving this kid and being impressed. Such a tremendous faith, I had never seen."

Her faith and her patience were to be tried discouragingly in the ensuing months. Ann had been signed from a dramatic stage hit, but Hollywood seemed to have very little to offer her. Then, huddling with Director Mike Curtiz, who was also handled by Famous Artists, and by sheer salesmanship, Al Rockett got Warner Brothers to test Ann for the role of the embittered little spitfire daughter of Joan Crawford in "Mildred Pierce." Joan Crawford personally made the test with her.

"Throw the toughest scene you have at her," Al Rockett instructed the studio confidently. They did. The fight scene in which Ann slapped her screen mother, which not only cinched the role for her... but an Academy Award nomination later on.

But life has an ironic way of tempering triumphs with tragedy.

On April 8, 1945, Ann Blyth's injury while tobogganing at Snow Valley with friends threatened not only to end her motion-picture career—but to keep her from ever walking again.

They were never sure what caused the accident. Ann was flung off the toboggan and up into the air. Stunned as she was, her first thought was of the "Miraculous Medal" her Aunt Cis and Uncle Pat had given her when she graduated from gram-

mar school. She'd worn it ever since. She reached for the medal around her throat and it wasn't there. She remembers groping around in the snow until she found it—and clutching it in her hand.

She sat down on a near-by stump for a minute, while her two friends watched her concernedly. "Can you stand up?" they asked, and relaxed when she showed them she could. "I didn't realize how badly I was hurt. You don't sometimes when something first happens. We walked back down the hill to take the toboggan back to the ski shop. My mother was sitting inside having a cup of coffee with some friends. When she looked at me, she knew immediately that something was terribly wrong."

They rushed her in the car to San Bernardino. But for Ann Blyth that was "the longest ride I have ever experienced. I thought we would never get there. There was so much pain then. And when we got to the hospital, I couldn't even get out of the car."

There was no specialist there when they arrived, and the doctor who examined her said, "Just a sprain." They taped her up, but Ann's mother wasn't satisfied. She knew it must be more than that. She wanted a specialist there. When he came, he ripped the tape off, took X rays—

"And then they told me—my back was broken."

Those first thirteen days in the hospital Ann Blyth remembers as today. "They put me in bed with my feet down and my head down—a sling lifting me in the middle. It was the only time I ever doubted—even for a little," Ann says now slowly. "When I was first hurt—only a little at first. I don't think I ever really believed I would not walk again. My mother wouldn't even let me think that. But at first, it was a little terrifying."

"My mother never left me. She never doubted. She was so sure I would walk again."

As Ann says, there are times when you cannot help despairing. Without her mother's faith to strengthen her own, during the months she was bedridden and in a wheel chair—and even the seven more months she was to wear braces, it might have been hard even for Ann Blyth not to despair.

During these months, too, Ann's prayers were, God willing, to be able to graduate with the class at University High School.

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One day, never to be forgotten, the doctor said Ann could try to take a few steps—across the room to a wheel chair. Her mother instinctively wanted to help her. "No, I think I can do it. I want to do it all by myself. Let me try," Ann said. The doctor cut away half of her cast, with Ann cautioning, "Please don't disturb the autographs." Then, without faltering at all, Ann Blyth got out of bed and walked alone across the room. "It was a feeling I can't describe," she says now.

The doctor had offered small hope for her to attend the graduation exercises. He'd urged that the diploma be mailed to her. But Ann wouldn't give up. She continued to pray, and just before graduation day the doctor took X rays and relented.

"My cap and gown covered the cast I was still wearing. I looked as big as a house, but I didn't care. It was such a thrill."

Ann's mother watched with tears in her eyes. Her teacher crushed the corsage she was holding for Ann to bits, watching her maneuvering and working her wheel chair across the stage. Her teacher's husband had put the chair in the car and two boys had wheeled her up the ramp, but Ann wanted to get her diploma all on her own. With a little movement, she propelled herself on to the stage. "I'm going to do this. I must." And she did.

One morning, the newspapers told the happy story of her own dreams. She had been nominated for the supporting Academy Award.

Her studio's designers made a very bouffant pink dress "with a little pink jacket—I still have it." Together Ann and her mother shared their triumph.

"It was the most thrilling moment in my life—because my mother was able to see it. Her eyes were really shining that night. It would be wonderful someday to receive the Academy Award but still not the same."

Again triumph—and again despair.

Ann had begun working in "Swell Guy." Producer Mark Hellinger had held the part in the picture for her until her back strengthened. She was walking again—acting again!

Then—one day when Ann and her mother dropped by the doctor's office for a routine check-up, his keen eye was directed on her mother instead. At his insistence, her mother made an appointment—and after consultation, was told she must have immediate surgery.

Only through faith—and the memory of her mother's faith—could Ann face the motion-picture cameras again. She remembered how much her mother had worked for that moment and how much the success was hers.

"She's watching you from wherever she is," Ann's Aunt Cis and Uncle Pat told her. "You must work very hard. Harder than you've ever worked before." They would sell their place and move to Hollywood and make a home for her—

A week later Ann was back on the sound stage.

This, she felt, must be God's plan for her. . . .

Al Rockett says movingly now, "If Ann were my own daughter I couldn't love her more. Mrs. Rockett feels the same way. We didn't have a daughter—and we'd always wanted one. Ann is just like my daughter—and her child is my grandchild."

Ann's star began to rise again.

Al Rockett had negotiated a better contract with U-I after "Mildred Pierce," with stipulations that allowed important loan-

outs. She was loaned to Paramount to star with Bing Crosby; to 20th to star with Tyrone Power; to RKO to co-star with Bob Mitchum. He negotiated a fabulous contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio and she has starred in the studio's most important productions, including currently, "Kismet."

At the Sahara Hotel in Las Vegas Ann Blyth's first night-club performance made history. Although some eyebrows have been raised about her appearing there, she wowed them. Looking like an angel in a pink lace dress and singing like an angel, Ann's closing "Silent Night" and "Auld Lang Syne" had the whole room rising to their feet. Hardened gamblers wiped tears from their eyes.

It's been the same effect—wherever Ann's life touches others. She brings out the best in everyone she works with. She is an inspiration. Wherever Ann is, voices seem to soften. As one actor put it, "Working with Ann is—well—like being in church."

But her happiest fulfillment as a woman was yet to come.

"I'll find someone someday," Ann Blyth used to say about marriage.

One evening, as though part of a master plan, there walked into Ann's home and life, the man she was to marry—the right man, Irish, and of the same religious faith, handsome, tender and humorous, Dr. James McNulty, an obstetrician on the staff of St. Vincent's Hospital, a physician, rich with human understanding and the knowledge to heal.

"My brother Dennis had worked with Ann on the *Family Theatre* radio show once, and he told me he thought he had found a girl I'd be very happy to meet," says Dr. Jim, adding that for an Irishman, his brother, Dennis, was really conserving his words.

"Patients of Jim's, people I don't even know, come up to me in a store and tell me how much they think of 'Dr. Jim'—it makes me feel so wonderful. And I love him even more than ever now, if that is possible," Ann adds softly.

When their son, Timothy Patrick McNulty, was born, says Jim:

"Ann says, I walked away on a lovely cloud to another cloud"—and she's convinced Timmy is Academy Award material. "He's a little scene-stealer," she says.

"Jim and I were going away for the weekend, and Timmy just took five or six steps and walked right into his daddy's arms. It was something I'll never forget. Neither one of us will."

Expecting to become a mother again "sometime before Christmas," Ann Blyth's walking on another pink cloud of happiness now.

"I would love a little girl, and if it is a little girl we want to name her Maureen Ann or Maureen Alanna. I think Alanna is a lovely Irish name. We found it in a dear little book of names we have."

On the other hand, "If Timmy has a little brother, Terence Michael, we'll be just as thrilled. Jim and I feel we have been blessed in so many ways. We both feel we would wish for no more—"

"Have faith, my darling, some day the good things will come—" another Irish lady used to say. And all the good things her mother promised her and prayed for have come.

It seems as though life can't give Ann Blyth enough today. And all who know her and whose lives are touched by hers are equally indebted.

THE END

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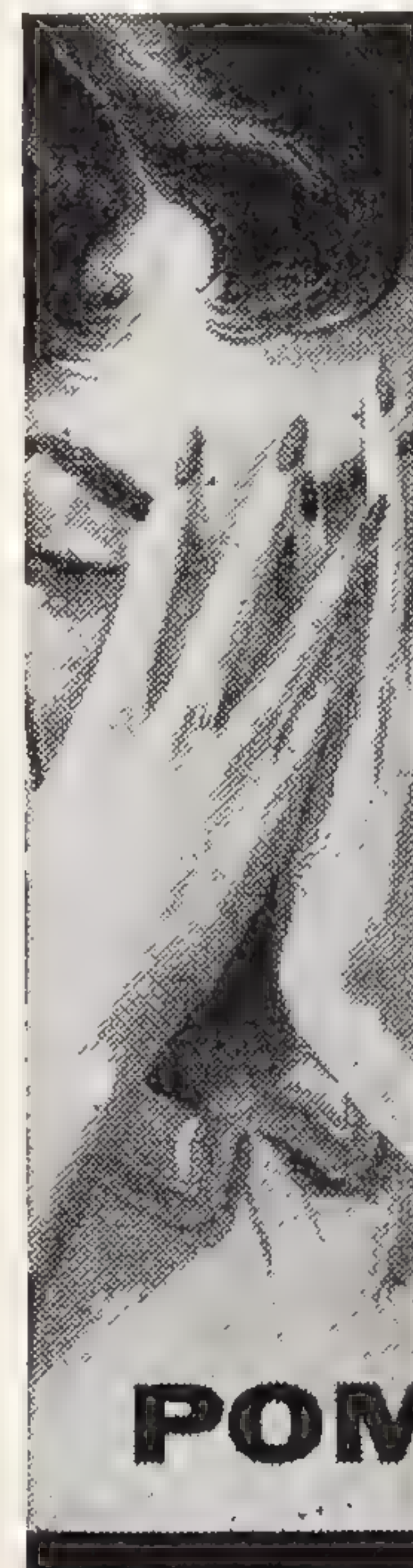
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"DON'T RUN FROM YOURSELF"

(Continued from page 45)
every day. They knew what Daddy would do. He'd sign slips of paper held out to him while they got into the car.

Once inside, the highlight of their day was to see which of them could manage to sit on Daddy's lap or next to him.

On this particular evening, as the small French car moved away from the curb, it was Jimmy, the eldest, and Susan, the oldest girl, who won the position of honor. Billy Lancaster climbed over the back of the front seat, pretending he preferred to sit with the chauffeur, anyhow. Joanna, aged four, reconciled herself to sitting by the window. All were heading some eighteen miles outside Paris, to the fifteenth century chateau which Burt had rented for the summer, a dream place hidden behind high walls in 500 acres of richest French farm land. There Mrs. Lancaster, baby Sighle and dinner were waiting.

The kids, in an instant, burst out singing. Something about old Aunt Abbie and a dead grey goose. Behind their backs Burt gave a long look from those fantastic blue-grey eyes of his.

"I think this is the last summer for us to make a location trip," Burt said. "I'm drifting again, mentally, trying to get a sense of direction, trying to 'feel' the correct next step."

For the four past summers the Lancasters had been on location. These journeyings began when there were only three children, to Italy to make "The Crimson Pirate."

Three years ago, there was the trip to Fiji to make "His Majesty O'Keefe." Four little Lancasters by then—but the baby stayed home.

Two years ago, all four of them in Mexico, going to a Mexican-American school, getting a smattering of Spanish, meeting really truly Indians, eating strange, good foods. And now this year, in France, five of them living on a real working farm, spending enchanted afternoons at the circus, learning to eat snails—and liking them—mixing up French with their Spanish and English.

What this means in effect is that Burt, who loves to travel, is trying to give his children the travel urge very early. Also he's trying to keep them from the isolation that too many movie stars' children experience. His children do not go to a private school, but a public one. He—not some fancy "swimming coach"—taught them how to swim. Even Sighle, age one and a half, paddles like a pollywog.

"As everybody knows, I grew up in a lower middle-class section of New York," Burt said. "They weren't exactly slums. We always had enough to eat and, as for discipline, I had plenty. My dad worked in the post office, one of my brothers grew up to be a cop. I was the baby of the family—and I never could make up my mind what I wanted to do with my life. It was always on my mind, all through grade school, all through high, which I got out of at sixteen, even in college. Then, of course, I ran away, from dullness, I thought, to become a circus acrobat. That's the kind of falseness from which I hope I can protect my kids.

"The only thing anybody is ever running away from is himself—but you seldom realize that when you're a kid. And you never realize any of those things, I now believe, by thinking. You've got to relax and feel them.

"For instance, in my case, I was running away from my own talent, which I wouldn't acknowledge, because, inside me, I thought it was a sissy thing. I was only

eleven when I appeared in my first play 'Three Pills in a Bottle.' It was a Settlement House production, and every kid in it was as tough as I thought I was, but I look back on it now and I can't believe that any of them were as embarrassed at playing it as I was. Oddly enough, the Settlement House was at Third Avenue and One Hundred Thirty Sixth Street in New York and another student there, though I didn't know him then, was Harold Hecht, who is now my partner.

"Through no fault of my own, however, I must have stood out. Certainly, a professional talent scout, Bob Parsons, hunted me up, and years later remembered me. I could have gone into the theatre, right then and there, on various scholarships, but when the people making these offers would come to our flat, I'd hide out on the fire escape. I couldn't see acting as a 'man's job.'

"I was the family bad boy and in a lesser degree the neighborhood bad boy—all this was to get attention. My older brothers, Jim and Bill, were towers of virtue. Actually I admired them very much and I was profoundly affected by Bill's death. As a kid, though, I had to get attention by being different from them—being difficult, being negative. The only reason I didn't succeed in my self-nomination to be the chief neighborhood bum was that my mother clouted that out of me. If I was a terror, and I was, she was more of a terror. I was always in mortal fear of her—yet underneath I adored her.

"All this was mere show-off on my part, I know now. I had to have the spotlight, no matter how I earned it. The actor in me demanded centerstage, even at the age of eight.

"There was another thing. My dad had always sung. He had a guitar, on which he was no mean performer. Our neighborhood was largely Italian, but Dad would sit out on the steps of our apartment and sing in his clear Irish voice, and the Italians would listen appreciatively. So one night I joined in. Dad dropped out, merely playing the accompaniment—and when I finished, the Italians applauded more loudly than ever. Maybe that's where I first fell in love with Italians as a people—a love which I'm not over to this day. After that, I was always singing, when I wasn't fighting or being bawled out by my mother. But you know, I never dreamed I'd use my voice to make a living. In fact, I'm now sure that the reason I became an acrobat was that it was just muscles that were needed for that—a dumb act in which I never said a word or even flashed a smile."

Music is still one of the great Lancaster enthusiasms—and the higher brow it is, the more he loves it. His car radio is always tuned to the classical record stations. Wherever he's working, there's a record player in his dressing room, pouring out opera between scenes, and at home musical sounds never cease, since all the children have inherited this same love, too, and have their own record players, piano and horns.

"There, at the verge of twenty," Burt went on, "I was like a lot of other young people at the same age. I was restless, moody, somehow uneasy but trying to tell myself I could make a good life in the profession I had, so incorrectly, chosen. I told myself I loved the lack of responsibilities, the lack of social life which the continually moving circus represented. I had my boyhood pal, Nick Cravat, as my partner. I sold myself on the idea that he was all the friendship I needed—that I

needed no part of a community or parties."

Today's Burt, as the father of five, is constantly adding rooms to his house, more play space, more landscaping. Whatever he has left over from taxes, he puts into other property. He attends PTA meetings with his wife. He is very conscious politically. Ever since Bill, his second son, was stricken with polio, he has been active in all drives to wipe out this disease. In fact, he gladly gives his services for any medical drive. The shabby, insecure, irresponsible young acrobat has turned into a socially minded man who now eagerly accepts responsibilities.

"Fear is what keeps you from realizing yourself," Burt said, "and I guess only love, of some form or other, can get you over that fear."

"While I was still in high school I fell in love. It was that first love, wild, intense, unquestioning love such as only a kid experiences. I was very fortunate because the girl I loved was a wonderful one. Her name was Hester. She had a beautiful figure, a fine mind and great character. Her family was Orthodox Jewish, and she personally was deeply religious."

"Hester really influenced my character by her gentleness, her goodness and the insight she gave me into a very different way of life. Even after I was on the road with the circus, Hester stayed definitely the girl I dreamed about."

Burt paused, as the car moved under the Arc de Triomphe, heading for the road straight to Versailles, which the French had created during the war for a man named Eisenhower. The Lancaster chateau lay only a few miles beyond the end of the road, hidden in a forest which had been undisturbed even by two world wars since the time of the French kings. Inside the car, as they sang the final verse of "Davy Crockett," the children began pointing out the landmarks, "Look, Daddy, there's the beginning of our wall. Daddy, see, there are some of our sheep."

"I hope each one of this brood will grow up with sense enough to check up on himself when he is constantly telling one thing and finding himself doing another," Burt said. "In my case I didn't—for something like twelve years. I was with one circus after another for eight years, neither having a good time nor a particularly bad time. I never stopped to analyze why between seasons I'd find myself making stabs at respectability. Yet the jobs I chose, being a floorwalker at the Marshall Field department store in Chicago, being a sort of agent for the Columbia Artists bureau, were sight posts if I'd only had sense. The first took acting ability, if only to keep a straight face, the second was absolute drama."

"Still, I never let it get up to my conscious mind that all the time I was trying to be an actor. There was the pattern for me to read, spread out before me. But I wouldn't."

"Nobody—but nobody can make a good life for himself if he keeps on denying his own pattern, his own drive, his real self. That was what I was doing. That's what lots of young people do, until they turn into sour old people who have never found the right path."

"Even when the Army called me, I never became a soldier but was immediately turned into an actor. They put me in special services and, for the first time in my adult life I was an actor—but I wasn't the star so I assured myself it didn't matter if I was bad (which I believed I was), because if I flopped the worst that could happen to me was that they'd put me in the Infantry."

"Then love hit me again—and again in an offbeat, theatrical kind of way, since

Norma was actually a stenographer who had been put into a USO unit at the eleventh hour when one of the real chorus girls had fallen out. When the war was over, and I came back to her in New York, I didn't know where my future lay, and I didn't have a dime.

"We married, knew our first baby was on the way and again fate forced my hand. I was in an elevator on my way to look for a job when a theatrical agent asked me if I wanted to be in a show. I took it—the only job I'd been able to get. The show flopped, but the Hollywood scouts came after me. Not until then did I really give in to the pattern that had started for me at eleven with 'Three Pills in a Bottle.'"

"I came to Hollywood under contract to Hal Wallis, whom I'd signed with simply because he gave me the best deal. I was wearing the only suit I possessed and I talked in a big, firm way because I was scared to death. An absolute accident of fate had lifted me from just another ex-GI hunting work, into a mild Could-Be. Inside, though, I thought even if I got a break I'd probably fail—and all the time I was conscious of that baby coming, back in New York."

"So I got my break in 'The Killers' and again it was pure accident. U-I and Mark Hellinger, the producer, wanted Wayne Morris and Warners wouldn't loan him. If they had, Burt Lancaster might never have been heard of. It was the fact that they dallied for weeks that made it necessary for Hellinger to find an actor quickly at the last minute. I was the cheapest thing in town, so he signed me."

"The day after 'The Killers' was previewed, I heard about my overnight success. For once in my life I shut up—but I knew this was the result of twenty years of experience—ever since my eleven-year-old debut. Everything I'd learned, everything I'd done in those years had led to this break."

"It was a fantastic coincidence that the night of the first preview of 'The Killers' was the night my son was born. It was also the anniversary of my brother Bill's death. I flew East the next morning, still in my one and only suit, and I looked at that small boy, who was mine. I asked Norma to name him for my father—Jim. I said, 'If we have another boy we'll name him Bill, okay?' She said, 'Of course, we'll have another. Don't forget we promised each other four children.' It was such a wonderful and such a sad moment—the cycle of life and death, my dad there, proud of being a grandfather but my mother gone for years, my new son—and my brother lost to me. And I was somebody named Burt Lancaster, who all of a sudden had his name in the papers."

The car swept in through the high gates, along the road through the gardens, centuries old, which had been terraced so that you could look down on Paris.

"It is both an exciting and sobering thing," Burt said, "when you get the sense of your own identity. After 'The Killers' everything began to roll for me. Harold Hecht and I had met again and decided to become partners in independent production. Almost before I knew it, my second son was on the way, and then my girls. I wanted to direct—and I took that chance with 'The Kentuckian.' I've wanted things for my children and I've been able to achieve them."

"We're home, Daddy," cried the children. "Yep," said their father. Then he turned to help them out of the car. "See?" he said. "This is why I'm waiting to discover the pattern of the next step. I've got all this—but I know there's more. That's what you have to trust life for. There's always more—if you are just ready for it."

THE END

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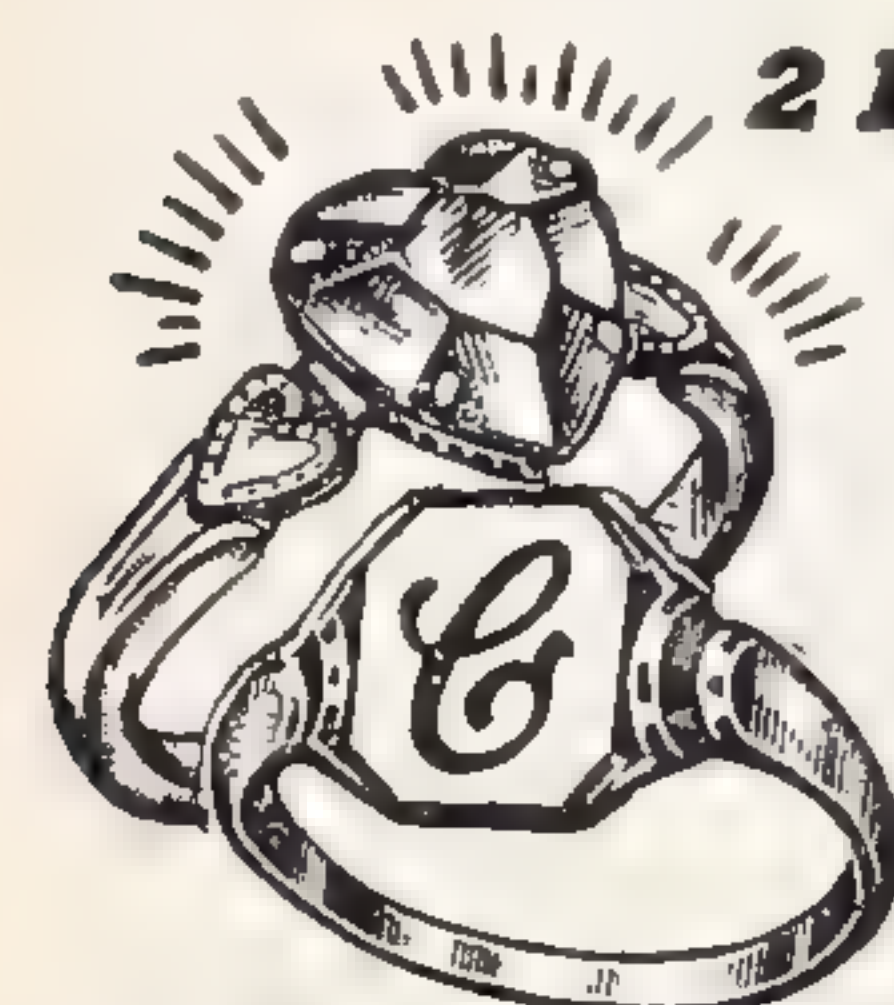


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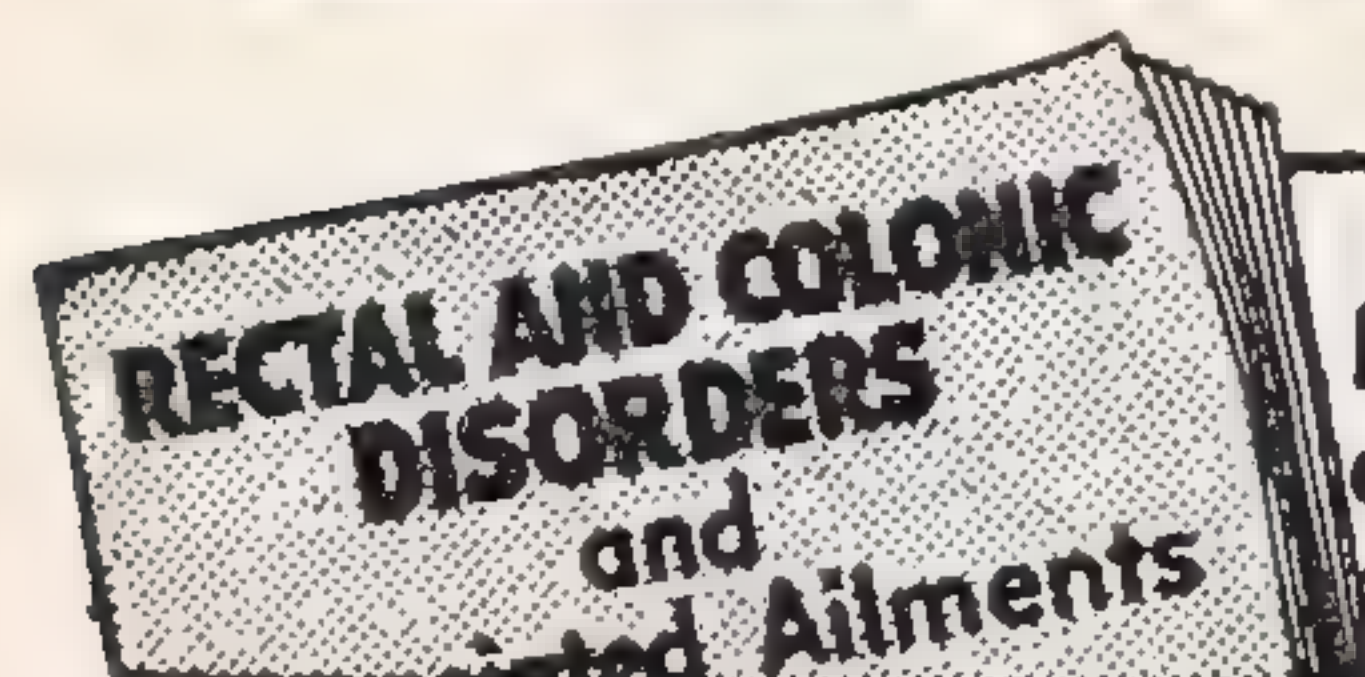
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(Continued from page 33)

His solid maturity, reticence and dignity have been compared with that of Spencer Tracy, Gary Cooper and Cary Grant. He's old for his age, yet his sudden bursts of humor, quick flashing Irish grin have magnetic appeal to audiences. As a bachelor, he has the pleasure of exciting female fans and being the recipient of an ever-increasing pile of fan mail—most of it asking him what he's really like.

Believe Jane Russell when she says, "He's got brain and brawn." In fact, somewhere in one of his closets, Dick has two college degrees stashed away—one from the University of San Francisco, where he later taught speech, and his M.A. from Stanford, in theatre history and dramatic literature. As for brawn—he's got six feet, one and one-half inches and one-hundred seventy-five pounds of it—hardened by four years in the Army as a captain in the infantry and a judo instructor. But regardless of strength, Rich is a sucker for sentiment.

He loves poetry ranging from Ogden Nash to Dylan Thomas. Certain songs bring a look of nostalgia to his face. Songs like "String of Pearls," "I'll Never Smile Again," "I'll Be Seeing You" and "Gotta Date with an Angel" crumple his reserve and he looks like a schoolboy reliving a wonderful memory.

"I love to go out," he says, "but to quiet places. I want to give my whole attention to my date. I hate these big parties where you have to talk to dozens of people you don't know and lose track of your date for an hour at a time. I don't like crowds and I guess that's why I don't cater to night clubs and popular spas. I like to drive to the beach and have a quiet dinner at Jack's or in town."

Rich wants to marry. But for him it will be once and forever. He is a devout Catholic and very close to his older brother, Willis, who is a Jesuit priest. Finding the right woman is important. "A bachelor is without a port," Rich said seriously, "and a ship at sea is not independent of any storm. I think I'm ready for marriage now, but it has to be right. I'm open to marriage, but I'm waiting. Like other men, I want a home, wife and children."

The problem for Rich is that a sweet young thing will not be enough to lead him to the altar. He has a penchant for strong, sympathetic women, with a maturity and emotional balance. He likes them to be gregarious, good mixers and proud. He likes a woman with a deep well of humor, a provocative personality, unswerving loyalty and the sensitive antenna to know when to give companionship and when to leave him alone. A woman has not usually grown to these qualifications until her late twenties, at least, and often after a bitter experience. However, the task is not impossible, and Rich, now that he's ready, will no doubt turn his full determination to the delightful chore of finding a wife.

"I am not," admitted Rich, "ideal husband material. I have a few little habits that could drive a woman mad. I'm a pm, which means I wake up unhappy and terribly quiet in the morning. It takes me an hour or so to come to, yet I love to stay up late. I can sleep anywhere, anytime and do. I'm too sensitive at times. It's an occupational hazard, I guess. Actors are sensitive to practically everything—real or imagined. I have my impulsive moments, too. I daydream of suddenly packing up and spending four weeks in Acapulco or Mexico City. I'm a procrastinator. I never answer letters and I put off little decisions as long as possible. On the big ones, I'm okay, but incidentals are beyond me. If

I have to decide whether to put my shoes in the closet or in the corner or under the bed, one shoe will land in the corner and the other under the bed.

"I do annoying little things," he says apologetically. "If there's a stick hanging out of the loft in the garage, I'll duck under it for months instead of reaching up and moving it. If the door handle on my car falls off, I'll reach out the window to open the door rather than get it fixed. There are also times when I am mentally tired and fed up—disgusted with myself and want to be let alone. I resent possession and rebel at the first signs of it. Jane Russell, who's been trying to marry me off for the past two years, kids me: 'On the first date, you, Richard the lion hearted,' she says, 'check the nearest exit, so if a bossy woman starts nagging you, you can run to the nearest exit.' Well—it's not that bad."

"I also," explains Rich sheepishly, "have a shoe fetish. I order my shoes hand made. I'm especially addicted to French soft leather; it shines like patent, but it's really comfortable. I designed a modified loafer (no tassels) that comes a little higher than most sport shoes with a small elastic on each side. They are dressy but sporty. I don't like suede shoes. Although my taste in clothes is conservative, I like to have a say in the tailoring and color. I don't like shoulder padding except for shaping, and I now like blues and grays. When I have a good tan I like pink shirts."

After the long, lean years of accepting checks from his parents, Rich has a double pleasure in having them now share his home—and therefore, with his mother around, his domestic life is not fraught with the irritations that beset most bachelors. His tastes are adhered to. He is particularly fond of meat, Chinese food, barbecue, fruit, hash brown potatoes, and medium rare steak. He eats no dessert.

He is now looking for just the right site to build a home. "It will be modern—but really modern—glass all round, black floors with light rugs, functional furniture, a minimum of color and a maximum of openness and area. Simplicity will be the keynote to the whole place. I want plenty of room in each room."

"I am trying to keep pace with myself," Rich says soberly. "As my financial and career worries lessen, it would be nice to relax, to play tennis, swim, ride and just plain loaf. I could be a beachcomber, I think. I know I can lie all day in the sun without moving a muscle. It gives me a great sense of freedom, but it's a false sense. As I advance in my career, my problems broaden. The higher you go, the harder you have to work. Public and professional opinion suddenly become very important. In the public eye it is easy to be misunderstood. Each performance must top the last and that takes work. The responsibility for success is heavy in any business, more so, I think, as an actor. I want to be the best I can in my field. When our basic values are built on religion and philosophy, we can give dignity to man."

"I like to remember," he says with quiet conviction, "that there is no one exactly like me in the world, just as there is no one exactly like anyone else in the world. When I look at an individual, I want to see not what he has achieved—but rather what he is. We are created in God's image and have the capacity to do anything. Our lives are measured according to how we use the capacity He has given us."

It is obvious that Richard Egan plans to expand his capacity to the utmost and is destined to contribute to the prestige of Hollywood and his profession.

THE END

WHAT JEANNE DREAMS, SHE GETS!

(Continued from page 49)

kind." She tried hinting at home. Finally she came right out and asked. "Your recital dress is beautiful," said her mother. "And you've only worn it once."

The recital dress had also been an expensive one. Jeanne realized that her parents' refusal wasn't because a lack of understanding as much as a lack of finances. Still, somehow, she knew that she would have a new dress.

A week before the prom, however, Jeanne went ice-skating with friends. They were resting at the side of the rink when a stranger approached and introduced himself. He was photographer Paul Hesse. He wanted to know if Jeanne would model for a magazine cover. He described the photograph he wished—a picture of a young girl dressed to go to her first prom. The dress would be especially made for her and she could keep it, he went on. And when asked, he assured her that it could be made in a hurry, to meet Jeanne's own deadline. "I wasn't even surprised," says Jeanne.

All the same, there were disappointments in store, lessons to be learned. When she'd decided to become an actress, she was a fine target for teasing. "Ha!" laughed Rita. "How can you be an actress when you never practice? You've always got your nose in a book."

"I do practice," Jeanne answered. "When I read. I act out the whole story in my mind."

It was later that she discovered that it wasn't enough. She was still in high school when she read for Orson Welles.

There was a screen test—Jeanne's first. It was a complete failure. "What she has in person when you're talking to her, she cannot project," said Welles. "It just doesn't come through."

She could imagine a part, she could feel it inside, yet she couldn't convey the feeling to others. "That's when I realized that when you keep your imagination in your own secret world, it's of no use to anyone," she says. "You have to learn to project your imagination and learn to channel it into some sort of expression."

Jeanne had reason to remember the lesson some years later at 20th. When the studio signed her, she did well as a young, wide-eyed heroine. She became "our little Jeanne" off-screen as well as on. Eventually she married and became a mother, but you'd still have thought that she was going home from work each evening to play house with her dolls.

"My appearance hadn't caught up with me," she says. "I looked the same way I did when I was seventeen. But I'd stopped thinking of myself that way. I'd sort of formed a mental picture of a young matron of a certain age with a kind of flair about her. I dreamed myself into feeling this way."

"I couldn't understand why others couldn't see me as I did—until finally I took a good long look at myself. Frankly, my actual appearance had no flair at all. "Well, it was time for action. I had to translate the way I felt into looks."

"I just gulped, closed my eyes and plunged in. I didn't give myself time to worry about the results being tragic. I had my hair cut, changed its color from brown to bright red and began to dramatize myself."

"Some people didn't like my new appearance at first. But after a few weeks, when they got used to it, they thought it was great—exactly what I should have done."

"The next step was to prove my new

self to the public. 'Gentlemen Marry Brunettes' gave me this chance. I got to play the kind of role that Jane Russell usually plays."

She stops to laugh. "When I came back to U-I for 'The Second Greatest Sex,' they took a look at my dark hair and ordered me to dye. Told me they couldn't imagine me as anything other than a red-head. Bright red at that! Ah, progress!"

Careers may come and go, but the dream that always counted the most with Jeanne was the one in which Prince Charming figured. One day, when she was in the eighth grade, the nun began to talk to the class about what they wanted to be when they grew up. She told them how wonderful it would be for them to become good wives and mothers. "There's someone right for you in this world," she said. "Someone—and he's living right now—that you're supposed to meet and fall in love with and marry."

"It was a fascinating idea," says Jeanne. "And beginning that night I began to pray each night for the man I might someday meet and marry."

She was fifteen when she went to a Sunday brunch at the home of some friends. She hadn't wanted to go. It was a duty date. But her mother had insisted. "That was the day I met Paul," she says.

At the time, she wasn't impressed. "He'd been born and raised in the San Francisco social world," she says. "And he talked about where he'd gone to school and all the people he knew. I was used to kids and I thought he was too suave and sophisticated."

Paul, the older man at twenty-two, asked her for a date. She refused. "He's awfully handsome," she thought. "But he must be awfully conceited."

It wasn't until much later that she changed her mind. "It was then I found that he'd only been putting up a front."

Months passed before she went out with him. "It seemed that little things kept happening that brought us together," she says. "And I found I couldn't get him out of my mind."

Jeanne and her mother were driving down Sunset Boulevard one afternoon when she discovered that she was having difficulty keeping her eyes on the road ahead. "I think we're being followed," she said.

Her mother glanced out of the window. A convertible had pulled up beside them at the traffic signal, and the fellow at the wheel was trying to strike up a conversation. "Jeanne, it isn't necessary for you to stare back at him," said her mother. "That only encourages him."

"I think I know him," murmured Jeanne. Then the light changed and she drove ahead, losing him in the traffic.

Finally, Paul got her telephone number and called her for a date. This time, she accepted. They went to a New Year's Eve party, a fabulous event with an orchestra that kept playing "People Will Say We're in Love." At midnight, Paul raised his glass of champagne to toast her. And then he kissed her.

Prince Charming, she'd found him. Next should come happily ever after. Instead came opposition.

Jeanne and Paul agreed that they would date only one another. However, Mrs. Crain protested, as most mothers might. Jeanne was too young to think seriously of marriage. She should go out with other young men.

The studio agreed with Mrs. Crain. "I

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was just beginning to get a big build-up," says Jeanne. "They felt that if I married I would be letting them down, that since I'd played only sweet, ingénue roles, marriage might prove fatal to my career."

Then, too, there was the fact that Paul had had a fling at acting and several other occupations. He was a fine boy, but had he settled down? With an uncertain future, how could he accept the responsibilities of marriage?

Jeanne and Paul promised that they wouldn't see each other for six months. Surely that would be an adequate test of their feelings. In the meantime, they would both go out with others. Jeanne accepted publicity dates arranged for her by the studio—until the night she walked into a restaurant and saw Paul with a girl she had no way of knowing was an old school chum. "Take me home," she asked her escort. "Please."

That night she cried herself to sleep. She hadn't known how deeply she could be hurt. Seeing her daughter's unhappiness, her mother relented. Jeanne and Paul began to date again. And there was no one else for either of them.

It was on Christmas Eve in 1945 that Paul picked her up at the studio and drove her to her house where they asked for permission to marry. When they were refused, Jeanne quietly left the house with Paul.

He took her to the home of some friends and she stayed with them until the wedding. She and Paul were married at 8 A.M. on December 29, 1945.

After the ceremony, she turned to him. "Let's go right home and tell Mother," she said. "I don't want her to hear about our wedding from strangers."

The three of them had a lengthy talk. There were tears, but they were happy tears. And when they left for their honeymoon, it was with Mrs. Crain's blessing.

Still, it's no wonder Jeanne smiles today when she hears someone saying, "Everything's always come so easily for Jeanne Brinkman."

Contrary to rumors, dreamers know problems. Practical dreamers face them and solve them.

After their marriage, Jeanne and Paul found a hilltop and there they built their home. "From the time I was a small girl, I'd said that when I grew up I would have four children," says Jeanne. "I'd even picked out a name for the first child. He was to be Michael Anthony."

But when their first baby arrived, there was no question about the fact that he would be called Paul, jr. "Our next son will be Michael," she told Paul, sr. "And the one after that . . ."

"You're only a youngster yourself," he grinned.

So she pored through magazines and newspapers and cut out pictures of young mothers with a half-dozen children apiece. Then she presented the clippings to her husband. "See what I mean?" she asked.

The master of the house would come home evenings and find Junior engaged in his favorite pastime, emptying kitchen drawers all over the floor. "Jeanne, what in the world would you do with four children?" he'd ask.

"I'd just do the best I could," she'd smile serenely. "That's what most mothers of four do."

"How do you know?"

"I called some and asked them."

Paul, who had become an executive in the manufacturing business, couldn't help a bit of bragging to his cronies. They wanted to know what it was like being married to a movie star.

He told them about the time he'd brought home a brochure on his business

and the dreamy-eyed glamour girl had read it and murmured, "Paul, what's all this about tubing? Shouldn't you be saying that the chair's soft to sit in and substantial as well? I know that's what I'd care about if I were thinking of buying it."

"Wife, you have hit it right on the head," replied husband.

As the Brinkman family increased, Jeanne's friends would say with considerable amazement, "How in the world do you think you can have children all the time, do pictures, run a home, paint, have fun, and still be a good wife and mother?"

"I'd look at them and think they were silly," says Jeanne. "After all, if you want to do something badly enough, you can always do it."

Then it happened. "The way to bring a dreamer down to earth is to marry her off, give her four children and a maximum of advice," Jeanne smiles. "Where I'd been carefree, I began going through periods when I became the opposite."

Jeanne developed what she now refers to as "a quaint habit." "When someone would criticize me, I'd be abrupt," she says. "You may deserve criticism, but the more you deserve it, the madder you get. Yet if it comes from someone whose judgment you admire, it will echo. It will come to you when you're alone and thinking. Then you really think it over."

At first she found herself taking the wrong criticism seriously. There would be times when she'd think, "I'm mature now. Grown up. I have a family and career and I must try to be more dutiful. I must be more sensible and less self-indulgent. I must budget my time and expenses."

That is how life at the Brinkmans' became completely reversed. Paul, jr. had just started school. Sometimes when she'd go after him, she'd be cross. None of the children understood. "Mother's a worrybird," Paul, sr. would explain.

It had never before occurred to Jeanne to mention the little frustrations of her day. "Then I became so embedded in the problems that that's all my conversation was," she says.

One night Paul had no sooner gotten through the front door when Jeanne began her tales of woe. Suddenly he blurted, "Oh, stop being a perfect wife, mother and manager. Just be Jeanne again."

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What's Spinning?—page 62:

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Jeanne looked at him and her jaw dropped. Paul rushed on. "Maybe you haven't a talent for a lot of little details," he roared. "As long as you're always you, I don't care."

Her eyes were wide. "Paul," she said sharply.

Paul only stopped to take a breath. "Life's full of problems and taking care of them will go on for the rest of your life. But in the process of doing it the way you are now, you're killing all the qualities that make me want to live with you for the next fifty years."

"But," she stumbled for words. "I didn't used to do things well at all. Paul, I wasn't at all efficient. When it was about time for you to come home, I'd just let things go. The house would be a mess and there I'd be sitting in a bubble bath."

"I didn't care," he told her. "When I came home I knew I could always count on getting away from business problems and relaxing. It was just as much fun as when we were going together."

At the moment she was too stunned to be flattered. "I got real mad," she says. "But it kept echoing in my mind and I realized it was very true. You have only one life to live and you can't do everything. You simply have to decide what's important to you and do those things. Too many of us never give ourselves time to enjoy the fun of being a family."

"I believe that Americans have a natural tendency to rush. When I was in Paris making 'Gentlemen Marry Brunettes,' I found that Europeans seem to stop and live a little bit along the way. True, we Americans are more successful in getting someplace, but so many never take a minute to let go, to look at the sun coming through the trees, to linger over luncheon and conversation with a friend, to enjoy the scenery while taking the children back and forth to school. So many housewives would never think of sitting down with a good book in the middle of the afternoon."

"I don't mean that wives should neglect the duties they have to assume. I do mean that a wife should remember to be an individual as well as wife and mother. She should never forget herself as she was at sixteen, her dreams, the things she wanted to do. She should take time out and fulfill some of those dreams that are a part of her basic nature."

"It's wonderful when everything's taken care of, but in doing it you can let it get the better of you. If you let go of the dreams that make you the person you are you're bound to have a dull, unrewarding life."

From the first, Jeanne was aware of the rich, full life she would lead as Mrs. Paul Brinkman, but never more aware than on a New Year's Eve some years ago. She and Paul had been attending a party where he leaned over and whispered, "Let's leave. I have a surprise for you."

They drove home and, once there, he brought out a bottle of champagne. "Wait a minute," said Jeanne as she went to find some candles. She lit them. "Now," she said regally. "You may pour the champagne."

He was raising his glass in a toast when there came a distant voice. Handsome husband paid heed. "It's baby Paul," he said. "Warm his bottle and I'll bring him out to join us."

The three of them saw the New Year in by candlelight. Suddenly Jeanne grew silent. "Another glass of champagne for your thoughts," Paul offered.

Jeanne smiled. "Just thinking," she said . . . thinking that the dreamer had never had it so good.

THE END



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